



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought: Onesimus Toole, or From Shadow to Sunshine, by W. J. Colville.

SECOND PAGE.—To Whom It May Concern: Theosophists Particularly; The Occasion Finds the Man; How Jonah Did It. Advertisements.

THIRD PAGE.—From the Sun Angel Order of Light: A Glimpse; Spiritualism and Theosophy; Spiritual Science. Professional Cards.

FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorial) Editorial Fragments; Speculation: "Too Wicked!" Mr. Colville's Work; Variety the Spice of Life; Should be Thankful: None for the Poor Stupidity; Not Infallible; Editorial Notes; Summerland; Spirits: Liable to be Misaken.

FIFTH PAGE.—Independent Spiritual Meetings: St. George's Hall Meetings; The Young People's Meeting; Medium's Meetings; Fraternity Hall; Social of the Ladies; Elmore Club; The Approaching Picnic; Society of Progressive Spiritualists; Professional Cards; Publications; Notices of Meeting, etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—Problems in Life—Ambition, Superstition, of Statement; The Farmer's Cure Trick; True Riches. Advertisements, etc.

SEVENTH PAGE.—What is Shakerism; Three Remarkable Books—No. 5. Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE.—(Poetry) Our Temple; The Summer Land; Farmer John's Soliloquy. Onesimus Toole, continued; Question Department. Advertisements.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

There is no charitableness in being uncharitable toward the uncharitable.

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself.

It cannot be denied that amusement is one of the most powerful influences of life.

More failures are to be attributed to efforts misdirected than to the want of exertion.

The secret of life is not to do what one likes, but to try to like what one has to do.

A king is a non-producing thief, sitting on a throne, surrounded by vermin.—*Col. Ingersoll.*

We have great respect for the penetration of the man who discovers good qualities in us.

Woman swallow at one monthful the lie that flatters, and drink drop by drop a truth that is bitter.

There is no fit search after truth which does not, first of all, begin with the truth which it knows.

There are none that fall so unpitied as those that have raised themselves upon the spoils of the public.

Difficulties, said Garibaldi, are always mountains till we meet them, and mole-hills when we have passed them.

The evening of life should be as joyous as the morning. To the true artist sunsets and sunrises are equally beautiful.

Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.—*Shelley.*

It is one of the most promising traits of human nature that heroic selfishness always kindles the enthusiasm of mankind.

Be kind to your friends, that you may keep them; be kind to your enemies, that they may become your friends.—*Thales, B. C., 640.*

As we grow in years and experience, says a philosopher, we become more tolerant; for it is rare to see a fault that we have not ourselves committed.

The precepts of the law may be comprehended under these three points: To live honestly, to hurt no man willfully, and to render every man his due.—*Aristotle, B. C., 384.*

Friends are discovered, says Mrs. Stowe, rather than made; there are people who are in their own nature friends, only they do not know each other; but certain things, like poetry, music and paintings are like the Free Mason's signs—they reveal the initiated to each other.

Thomas Paine lived a long, laborious and useful life. The world is better for his having lived. For the sake of truth he accepted hatred and reproach for his portion. He ate the bitter bread of sorrow. His friends were untrue to him because he was true to himself, and true to them. He lost the respect of what is called society, but kept his own. His life is what the world calls failure and what history calls success.

Written Especially for the GOLDEN GATE.

Onesimus Toole;

OR, FROM SHADOW TO SUNSHINE.

A Psychological Romance by W. J. Colville.

CHAPTER IX.—PREDICTIONS VERIFIED.

"O had I but the eagle eye
Which sees within, behind, before,
Which compasses all sea and shore,
And yet is ever tuned on high.

Then would I leave this lower earth,
And on the wings of tho't and love
Soar, to those cyries far above,
Where songs celestial find their birth.

But if awhile below I stay,
And dimly thro' the veil of sense
Behold life's glorious recompense,
Truth here may turn my night to day.

—*Frederick Delgrange.*

Dr. Maxwell, with his usual clear sightedness, and considerably aided by the talk he had with Zenophon on the morning of the memorable day when the boy was strangely delivered from Count Katalowynski's hands, and guided by unseen intelligence, led while in trance to make his way to the hospitable home where the family had already come to regard him as a son of the house—thinking prevention better than warfare with a person of the Count's irascible and unscrupulous disposition, and not being much pressed with duties on that particular occasion, suggested to Mr. Toole, Zenaphon, Mrs. Finchley, and the O'Shannington's that they should go in a party up the river as far as Northwalk, and visit some old friends of Mrs. Finchley's, who had a large, hospitable country-seat in that pretty suburb, where they were always prepared for company, and delighted to see friends whenever they might call.

Not wishing, however, to arrive inopportunely, and being anxious for Mr. Toole's particular benefit to test Zenophon's clairvoyance in a matter which admitted of easy and instant verification, all our friends above mentioned gathered round the boy, who always liked to recline on a rug in the centre of a harmonious circle when he exercised his gift, and let Mrs. Finchley, who was on intimate terms with the Codringtons of Northwalk, interrogate him as to their present readiness to receive visitors. Zenophon, who was always particularly lucid under Mrs. Finchley's suggestions, at once began describing "The Cedars" and its occupants. "I see," he said, "a venerable man seated at an escritoire writing a note of invitation to you; it reads as follows: Dear Mrs. Finchley, do come over to-day and bring all your friends. We shall hope to see you to luncheon at 2, but if any of you can not get here so early, then be sure and take dinner with us at 6:30. We want you to hear Mr. Vincent Hammer who is just from Scotland, and has been entertaining the Edinburgh professors with his views on theosophy. We have a conversation this evening. He will read a paper; don't fail us. Wife sends her love, and urges her claim on your offer of help when we have unexpected visitors."

Yours as ever,

Amos Codrington.

The Cedars, Northwalk, July 31, 1887.

"Well," said Mr. Toole, "here's another case of most extraordinary letter reading. I am intensely anxious about the letter from my mother which I shall get to-morrow morning, if this wonderful clairvoyance does not disappoint me; but here is a letter that ought to come to-day. Why it should be here in an hour or two at latest. It is already nearly 11, and how do they expect us to get out to their house by 2 unless we get news before mid-day?"

No sooner had the words escaped Mr. Toole's mouth than the page knocked at the library door where they were sitting, and being told to walk in, announced that Mr. Clarence Codrington had called with a message, but could not wait to see any one as he was hurrying into the city on business, and wanted to get home early. He left word that his father and mother were very anxious to see Dr. Maxwell and all the members of his household who could make it convenient to spend the afternoon and certainly the evening at their place across the water. A letter

was on its way, but he left word to give them more time for preparation.

Here was confirmation direct of Zenophon's perception; Mr. Toole was delighted, and all were both pleased and somewhat astonished at the immediate proof afforded of Zenophon's ability to use his powers to perfection when separated from the Count, to whose mesmeric sway he had been invariably accustomed to yield before passing into the ecstatic condition. Without further delay they arranged their plans for departure, and just as they were leaving to catch the one o'clock boat, the postman delivered to Mrs. Finchley a letter addressed in Mr. Codrington's well-known hand; tearing open the letter and reading it hastily, she found it word for word as Zenophon had read it; she handed it at once to Mr. Toole, who was overjoyed at this demonstration of the boy's positive accuracy in an affair so nearly related to the one in which he was so greatly interested.

They just caught the boat, and after a delightful hour on the water, reached Northwalk just after two. Mr. Codrington was at the landing stage with a drag, ready to take as many as might appear to his sylvan retreat about a mile distant. In a few minutes they were at "The Cedars," greeted warmly by Mrs. Lavinia Codrington and Miss Florence Hope, a delightful girl visiting them during the long vacation at Vassar. Lunch was ready and they all partook freely of the good things provided; a lovely drive and delicious sauntering through the extensive grounds which comprised the estate, occupied all the afternoon till dinner, at which pleasant meal they were joined by Mr. Clarence Codrington, son and heir; a young gentleman of very prepossessing appearance, coupled with such grace and dignity of bearing as can never exist apart from delicacy of feeling and genuine culture in the proper sense of that often misapplied word.

About 7:30, carriages began driving up, and pedestrians arrived in considerable numbers; the billiard hall had been arranged to seat at least two hundred people, and as many of the Codringtons' friends and neighbors were greatly interested in Theosophy, the invitations extended were nearly all honored by those who were at home on receipt of them. Delightful music was the order of proceeding for about half an hour; Miss Lydia O'Shannington and Miss Hope had become great friends during the afternoon, and soon discovered that they could play and sing duets together; it is the unchanging experience of truly artistic people, that whenever they encounter congenial spirits they can rise together to artistic heights neither can attain singly.

Dr. Vincent Hammer was a tall, rather prepossessing elderly gentleman, wearing spectacles and speaking from manuscript; his delivery was good though not extraordinary; he was evidently deeply imbued with the importance of his subject, and being a new-school Theosophist not in perfectly good standing with the Aryan Theosophical Society of which body, however, he was a member, he seemed especially desirous of making himself perfectly understood, and to this end was particularly careful and precise in his statements.

The following is his paper handed to a reporter after the exercises:

"Theosophy is the master-key to eternal life; to the understanding of God and man. True Theosophy concerns itself exclusively with man's spiritual development, with the finding of the Christ within, the Divine Logos or Word of the Eternal. When we find God within, where Jesus and Buddha alike say God resides, we truly realize our divine nature. Genuine Theosophy is to this generation the Christ of truth rising out of the tomb of error; it teaches complete self-control, the crucifixion of the senses, the liberation of the spirit from all carnal passion, the resurrection of all that is divine within us. Theosophy is complete spiritual science. Knowledge of the eternal is the only true science. To know the Christ is to hear the living Word which speaks in us from Infinite Divine Being. When spirit is revealed, henceforth we have no thought of death. The true Theosophist drinks in inspiration from the ever present spiritual life, the universe thus becomes to him an open book. We must outgrow false ideas of sacerdotalism, and become each one a true priest; our daily sacrifice must be the daily surrender of our lower appetites to our higher promptings.

"The principles of Theosophy are love, wisdom and truth, which reveal to us in measure as we can understand it the absolute purity and perfection of the divine nature. Theosophy is universal truth and universal religion; it is demonstrated spiritual science, and holds the key to all sciences and religions. In Theosophy we behold the essential unity of all religions; Theosophists should study all religions, but dogmatically enforce none. What does religion really mean? *Religio* signifies to bind together, but does not imply a condition of bondage other than that bondage in which the lower nature is held subject to the higher. This is truly at-one-ment or reconciliation, the perfect harmony of all the elements in human nature. Religion does not consist in belief in immortality, or in God. Belief saves no one for it is merely intellectual assent given to certain dogmas. One can believe in religion and be devilish. The devils it is said, believe and tremble. We can be so intellectually unfolded as to believe in God without being in the least developed in our truly spiritual nature.

"What does resurrection mean in our individual lives? It means a rising from the death of the lower nature to a condition of spiritual triumph. Nothing dies in reality, only in seeming. The seed is not quickened unless it undergoes the appearance of death, and there is no quickening of the spirit unless there is in appearance a death of the lower nature; then from the sepulchre the rock is rolled away, a symbol of our new birth to a knowledge of Truth. Theosophy, like all true religion, is the science of right living, and is in no sense a sacerdotal system. Divine wisdom is the whole world's only religion for the future; a religion which meets every want and fully satisfies every lawful craving of human emotion as well as intellect.

"The Divine Being is necessarily beyond the comprehension of the mind of man. Man is not equal to God, there is therefore a mystery attaching to God in the human mind. That which is on our level we may explain, whatever is beyond that level remains unsolved; God alone understands God, as man alone can comprehend man. As Deity is infinitely above us, so Deity is beyond all definition. The soundest metaphysicians never undertake to define Deity. Agnosticism is a confession of honest men whose intellects are unable to solve the problem of being. Theosophists need not conflict with Huxley or Spencer. All divine things are unknowable to the senses, but Theosophy teaches there is a spiritual intuition by which we can arrive at some knowledge of spirit, though to our researches there can be no end. Intellectually we find not God, but energy, power, force. The word God means the All-Good, the Good One, nothing more, nothing less.

"Plato's immortal assertion, 'God geometrizes,' does not imply Plato's acknowledgement of anything more than infinite Mind; no kind, loving God appears in that sentence. Infinite power might be cruel. Many people know nothing of God though they profess to believe in God; but not until they advance beyond belief do they find the Eternal. Belief implies that some school is the custodian of special intelligence from Deity, whose testimony is accepted by the disciples as final authority. The word Testament means something one leaves behind him when he is gone away; while the testator liveth, such documents are of no effect. People who know nothing of God but what they read in the Bible, concerning which venerable book we would indeed utter nothing disrespectful, believe in a God who has left a Testament. Practically it is so to them. Many Christians believe in a God very far from this world and in no direct way concerned with human affairs. There was they believe, a time when God spoke to the world, but He speaks no longer; God, for them, has finished writing His book and has delivered the published volume completed into their hands. How utterly incongruous is this mental attitude with the teachings of Jesus: 'He hath been with you and shall be in you.' It is expedient that I go away, for when I have vanished from your sight the Paraclete will be nearer to you than ever before, and will gradually lead you into all truth. The disciples were directed not to receive truth through any written revelation, but entirely by means of the ever living presence of the Holy Spirit within them. Theosophy places every individual soul on the solid rock of experienced truth on

which Theosophy itself is based. We must build our social temple on the rock of impartial justice, which we can never find until we discover it in ourselves. Enlightenment is a matter of individual spiritual unfoldment; God is Love and Wisdom; absolute justice is the infinite principle of Life. As we act divinely do we perceive a revelation of divine wisdom in our own lives, and all knowledge of wisdom proceeds from the love of good in us which is the only divine love. Only when we act from a motive of love directed toward good are our acts truly wise.

"Man's best conception of Deity is that God is love. Love is the highest element in the human soul, and is inseparable from charity, which is love in expression.

"Henry James (an earnest student of Swedenborg, not the novelist) declares in his admirable work, *Society the Form of Redeemed Man*, that in studying the problem of life one comes to see ever more and more distinctly that the only possible cause of creation is that God being pure love he can not love himself. Love must have an object, and this object is humanity. Creation, then, is the result of the Divine love seeking object and expression. By humanity, of course, we do not mean exclusively the inhabitants of this one little planet. We need not tell you that the earth is not the universe. We mean all intelligent inhabitants of all worlds together, which unitedly constitute the form of the Divine man or the progeny of God, which is without beginning and without end.

"The true hidden wisdom is to be found in our own inmost selves, not in books or scrolls. God's living word is man, who is the highest expression of nature. The hidden wisdom from our own souls must come to us through development of our own inner nature, and can come in no other way. Theosophy does not depend on legend, or our belief in historical personalities, or the truth contained in any sacred books. It rests on its own intrinsic value, and appeals to our moral nature. If Buddha and Jesus never lived, their teachings are no less valuable to man. Precious stones have intrinsic value, and truth is aptly compared to a priceless pearl.

"All divine teaching is demonstrated in its hallowing influence exerted on human life. Judge the tree by its fruits. Bring all theories to the touch-stone of expediency. Were we to find that the teachings of the Vedas when lived up to caused war and hatred to vanish from the earth, we should thereby know the source whence these streams sprang to be a fountain of living water, able to slake the spiritual thirst of mankind.

Now there is nothing in the Vedas that we do not find in the New Testament, also. The teachings attributed to Buddha and Jesus are identical. We can well dispense with controversy when we drink from inspiration. Whether we look to Guatama or any other historic avatar of India, or to Jesus, the historic light of Palestine, or to Osiris, the legendary messiah of Egypt, we must never forget that neither Osiris, Christ or Buddha, or what they typify, is dead and buried. In spirit Jesus is working now as actively as when he was on earth. The truth Buddha and Osiris revealed is still operating in the world.

"Why seek ye the living among the dead?" Why watch by a sepulchre when you can converse with the living spirit on the highways of life? When we liberate our intuition the sun within us sheds around our path its bright beams of appreciable light and heat.

Those who bathe in the sunlight hourly appropriate its rays. Not those who have analyzed the water or tested the depth of the well, but those who drink the water of life reap its benefits. Not our historic knowledge of a revelation of truth, but our assimilation of it profits us. We must eat, drink and appropriate the living spirit of truth, which is ever active throughout the universe. The past has risen in the present. We must live to-day, not worshipfully regretting days of old. Our present at-one-ment with the living Christ of the spirit can alone bring us into consciousness of truth. The truths of spirit are not apprehended by the intellect first, but by intuition; later on, reason grapples with inward revelation and defines it. Be guided entirely by your individual intuition; be ever honest and intensely earnest

Continued on Eighth Page.

To Whom it May Concern—Theosophists Particularly.

ALLEN LUTHER, J. E. A.

That numerous Orphan, Humanity, stands with outstretched hands and waiting heart at the door of every one who has wherewith to supply its needs, and its beseeching eyes are fastened steadily upon him with condemning gaze who withholds that which is its own. An high initiate in the days far since proclaimed in newer phrase an old-timed truth, "The poor ye have always with you"—the poor not in purse alone, but in a broader acceptation, the poor in dearth of human sympathy and that strength in their darker hours which is poverty indeed; the poor, albeit, rich in wealth of house and gold, but dry and barren in the conscious presence of that essential element which is the only possession—the altruistic spirit of abnegation, and self-sacrifice. These tarry at the door, dumb with lack of speech wherewith to voice their very needs and, withal, scarcely conscious of those needs, but filled with a void which drowns the cry of their inner being so that their mute distress stands and appeals for help to rid themselves of the dull, dead weight which stifles and oppresses. This weight, the heavy and sodden burden which has its existence in a dim and shadowy semi-consciousness of forces playing within them which is the gradual expansion of their inner natures, quickening and arousing to assert itself and possess them that they come into their rightful inheritance, is the more leaden that they sense in a vague and uncertain way, but sufficient to influence and oppress, an undefined and stoical indifference, which savors of antagonism, on the part of those who of surty should be their natural assistants.

The restless surgings and great unrest which toss the mass in mighty throes, like combing waves dashing headlong toward the rocks, indicate an unstayed and untrained force, which, left to itself is partial destruction, but directed and guided preserves and advances. These precursors of an arrived and coming conflict are rife and fill the air with an ominous sound faintly heard, 'tis true, even by keener ears, but not less real and surely certain for an apparent calm. This opening strife which now is begun, will not be stayed because its power is the united and combined energy of a swelling and on rushing tide whose source is in each individual center which will continue to augment, to rise and to flow with sweeping and increasing momentum until it is submerged all before it. What, then, in the face of this sure and on coming wave which is the fiat of a cyclic law that had its rise in long past events, the culmination of which is now and approaching? 'Tis not the first of its kind that has had origin in dim obscurity, gradually rising to an apex with gathering impetus and bearing upon its crest the destiny of mankind, crumbling, crushing, wearing and wasting, but withal, purifying the mass, and eliminating from its body the baser ingredients of its constituency, so that its temporary subsidence, seeking a higher level that its beginning, has marked the progress of the race. But there was in those upheavals which have emphasized the course of human history, always to be found a guiding and saving element which, while standing apart from the moving mass, has yet, exerted to direct that which it could not stay, nor would not if it could, to calm and quiet havens.

And whom were they, who, constituting that factor of guidance and preservation, held aloof and watched the flood? Along the margin which marks the current of human events they stood and still stand, now as then the Beacon Lights of time, seen and recognized in later eras as the hope and promise of the race, and personifying in themselves the prophecy of its ultimate high attainment. These Lights were the points of focus of those beams which, emanating from higher Orders on still more elevated planes, caught and centered the rays as mediums for further dissemination among the sons of men, and by the light thus shed illumined the pathway of humanity that the darkness was less dense and the pathway became more plain. The very existence of these enlightened Ones is proof most positive of grand possibilities latent in the race, and of the final fruition of its manifest destiny, for these Beacons embodied in themselves, in high degrees, the actuality of exalted states and were the more than partial prophetic evidences of distant goals of lofty achievement.

These elevated Ones were above their kind because they touched by intuitive contact the realities of existence and knew of a surety that the unseen to common vision was of all the most real, and also recognized that, posited in themselves was the principle of the inter-mediality of connection between the yet higher than themselves and those below, and were thus imbued with an imperative and impelling sense of the duty of transmission. Realizing this truth, incorporating it as a part of their inmost being, they strove with might to fulfill the self-allotted task. How well they succeeded, is recorded on the undimmed scroll of the benefactors of men. Their names are become the synonyms of all that is noble and true, for they myrtered themselves on the altar of a common humanity by lives of immolation and renunciation and thus are imperishable.

How stand these lofty Ones of the ages in the individual hearts of the present? Has the fire which burnt with an ever increasing blaze in the Sages of old and lighted to heroic deeds in the service of humanity grown less potent with the passage of time, or does it now only slumber waiting but for a ripe moment in which to burst into the old-timed brilliancy? Is the present not over-ripe, and are not our Great Souls now sounding events which strike the hour and signal action and advance?

For some years past doors have been open through which has poured floods of light and knowledge which has been free to all who chose but to reach out and possess. Is this not a sign? You who are idly waiting for wonders, and gazing upward in the expectancy of having special miracles performed for your personal satisfaction, may you not wait and gaze too long, so that the real sign appear and pass unheeded, and thus you miss the very opportunity you have been looking for these many years, not realizing that this sign, this miracle, must rise and act within yourselves? There are those of your own immediate time who are now holding up the light but, because it does not happen to be of the exact tint you had expected; or, appear in that particular quarter you had pre-arranged for its coming; or, because it proved too personal its application and instead of flattering and telling you you were right and all others wrong, it shown full upon your own egotism and boastfulness in an all-searching and convicting ray; and, perhaps, approved of your neighbor's course and life which you, in your self-righteousness, had condemned; or, because you have not been chosen as one out of many for special endowment of occult and phenomenal powers with which to startle and astonish your little circle of admirers; or, from any other cause whatever, are you rejecting it and thus, may be, letting slip the one opportunity of your present life only to realize the forfeiture when to late?

This last has been the repeated history of every age. The truth has always shown with brilliancy, but failed to suit the personal desires of many and was, therefore, by them rejected. What then? The truth continued to shine with undimmed luster, but the rejectors reaped and are reaping of their sowing; while those who chose it as their own sowed seed grand harvests of which are gathered in future lives—which lives they may now be living.

The light had not shown nor would not now shine, did not many need it; not to show themselves to themselves that they may the better strut and display like vain pea-cocks proud of gaudy plumage, but the searching beams fall full upon the whole man so that his virtues stand out in their own true light, and his vices appear as the dark shadows of a lower nature which they are. If indeed, only that is accepted which flatters and soothes, 'twere better rejected, for it is not the Truth, but its base counterfeit; Truth is as an two-edged sword which cleaves deep down into the nature and fails not to strike that spot wherein lurks hidden evil, secure only in darkness, sloth and inaction, but rankling and writhing in very desperation of dis-solving terror at the approach of its mortal foes, Light and Truth. So, when that comes which attacks one's tranquil ease and security; disturbs one's dull and listless laziness; shocks one's conception of the fitness of things, welcome the intruder for he is thy friend, and it is well that he abide with thee. He will give the unrest, but he will also impart that peace which had else ever remained a stranger.

This is the light, searching, far-reaching and penetrating, which the Founders and leaders of the Theosophical Society have been holding up before the world, and because of its almost omnipotent power to search out and disclose the evils inherent in individual man and collective community, the Truth and its advocates have had heaped upon them contumely, contempt, slander and venom, with all the force born of a struggle for self-preservation which only evil and the principalities of darkness could muster in a final attempt to subvert the right. The leaders of the Theosophic movement had expected and were in a measure prepared for much that has followed, for when was ever truth or principle which antagonized the adherents of egotism, self-righteousness or conservative inactivity, ever received with other than hostility, or its advocates treated with less than vituperation! The malignant forces have been poured out; the vials of wrath of darkness have combined and hurled against the Truth and its exponents; sarcasm, invective and ridicule have been exhausted in vain attempts to strangle the newly born; the ponderous heavy weights of mother church have organized and by open and covert assaults attack this young but old child of the East without avail; critical and exact (?) science, in assumed lofty indifference, views askance with condescending apathy this invader of their chosen and guarded domain, secretly shaking in fear the while, lest some cherished theory which they in arrogance and dogmatism have espoused and given to the world, will, in the light of the new Philosophy, vanish in thin air—in the presence of all the fallen idols of the past, these pseudo-scientists still assume infallibility (!); stolid materialism, not satisfied with matter sufficient to make its own grave, would incorporate the universe and form one vast cemetery in which to inter itself and all else; and yet, THEOSOPHY, the outcast and disowned child of necessity and the present, thrives and now is become strong and bold enough to stand and walk alone, while in its eyes, which scarce er

this have opened wide, is seen flashing brave and fearless beams whose portense is a noble and valiant manhood—the Light-bringer of the Age.

But what of the *late warm*, that extraordinary anomaly which is neither a simple nor a compound, and has no appropriate function nor dwelling-place in all nature, and of whom it is said "Because they were neither hot nor cold, I spew them out of my mouth." Of these, some there are in accepted circles who comport themselves as one who takes a light novel and lies in the shade of some sheltering tree on a sultry summer's day, dozing in the half-wakefulness of indifferent laziness; others again, like one who, having purchased a through ticket to his destination, checked his baggage and feed the porter, yields himself over to idle and listless dreams, sure of arriving on time without further effort. But, neither the Theosophical Society nor the leaders give or sell through tickets to final bliss, nor dispense truth or occult powers to him who wants to buy at so much per package, cash on delivery, simply because they do not attempt impossibilities, and those who falsely think that they will ultimately attain on spiritual planes whether they make personal effort or not, will wake up some sad day to a grievous realization of lost opportunities the burden of which will be exceeding heavy. No one yet ever bought or sold Truth and enlightenment, though the attempt has been made often enough; both would-be buyer and seller have invariably been visited with the just penalty contingent upon attempted traffic, and its consequent prostitution, in the most sacred part of man's nature, the holy and divine principles of his highest being—a very barter with God himself. So, beware of him who would sell truth, no matter what his pretensions. The loud and boastful tone of these greatest of all frauds and traffickers is always the sound and false ring of spurious coin. The spiritual nature of man is a flower of such rare delicacy, requiring gradual unfoldment from within, that only an harmonious blending and at-onement of itself with the all vitalizing spiritual essence of the Cosmos, will cause it to expand and show forth the indescribable beauties of its loveliness and perfection, and it is only by a cultivation of this condition that the bud becomes a flower and yields a final and natural fruitage.

For him who has really started on the way, 'tis well-nigh destruction to turn back, for once having glimpsed interior spaces of the spiritual realm and breathed of its enchanted air, it is impossible ever again to be satisfied alone with the commonalities of life. This was Glyndon's position as portrayed in Zanolli—the shadowy spectre which ever and anon appeared in the halls of pleasure and glided amid the shades of lonely desolation to disturb and give unrest, and is that which evermore will haunt those who, having once laved in the streams that wash unknown shores, would return again to less pure waters.

Then, you who have been these years absorbing, and are still waiting for wonders which may never come, and are yet leaning upon those who are already overburdened with weight of years and work well done, bestir and impart of your present fullness to your neighbor. And who is your neighbor? Is it not he who, touching either shoulder, standing at your back or in front, is the first and beginning of that unbroken line which extends in connected links under every sun and in every land, until it circles the globe and returns to and includes yourself again; is he whom you can reach for good in your own home or that of others; across the street, or in another land; white or black, red or yellow, so that he is a fellow-man whose need is your possession to supply? No one may perform your work but yourself. There are always those whom you in some way contact, whose lack is your abundance; it is your duty and mine that they receive it; it is their right that they have it at our hands, as it is the common privilege to accept from those above ourselves.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 24, 1889.

The Occasion Finds the Man.

Great emergencies call forth the great soul. War in the twinkling of an eye turns village drunkards and pettifogging lawyers into generals and statesmen. Love transforms Cymon from a brute into a man. Necessity makes Shakespeare a dramatist; accident reveals Scott his true powers, says a contributor to *Lippincott's Magazine*. The most commonplace men and women have passed through the fool's paradise of love, when they were divine beings worshipping divinity, and in that fool's paradise they for a brief moment found their true selves, saw deep into the soul of their consort. That fitting dream was in truth an awakening, the brief opening of the spiritual eye. When the world of facts has passed away, our dreams may remain. The man of common sense asks for realities, the poet knows that only illusions are true. Look you, the man whom you hate are there not women who worship him, children who look to him? Who sees the true man—you who hate him, or they who love him? Love is a divine delight; it reaches out over and around its object into the illimitable; it is part of the over-soul, of the infinite, of God. Hatred is painful; it strains and racks the body, it blinds the vision, it makes man conscious of his moral limitations. "Love sees the virtues that are of the soul; hatred only the

diseases of the skin." "All men have their faults, and stealing was Bill's," said a weeping widow over the corpse of a desperado shot in attempted burglary. And grotesque, ludicrous as the expression may seem, she was right. She knew that not in the robber, the law-breaker, the out-cast, did the real man shine forth, but in those rarer moods of kindness and generosity when he was a true friend and husband. Perhaps when two enemies, who have refused to see any good in each other on this earth, meet, hereafter in another world free from the muddy vesture of decay which clogs their vision here, the first thought of each will be: "Is this the beautiful soul that I maligned and hated?"

How Jonah Did It.

[New York Herald.]

We confess that up to date we have been troubled about the story of Jonah and the whale. Never having occupied an apartment in that kind of a fish, we have been puzzled to know how the prophet supplied himself with rations, or got the necessary degree of ventilation.

Dr. Talmage, however, in the report of his sermon printed elsewhere, clears up our last lingering doubt, and we now feel prepared to believe anything, provided Talmage will interpret it. The reverend gentleman stated yesterday that Jonah's life was preserved while in the interior department of the whale in a very simple way. That is, he dodged "the gastric juice" so nobly that the fish's digestive apparatus could not get a fair hold on him. Those of our citizens who contemplate crossing the ocean this season ought to pin this rule in their hats: If you happen to be swallowed by a whale, keep in motion.

We have come to the conclusion that Dr. Talmage knows a good deal more about some things than he does about others. On whales he is an authority.

THE following instances may be regarded by the superstitious as a sufficient warning against all jests on such a grim subject as death. It is related by Mr. Bolton, an English actor and author, that the famous tenor, Sims Reeves, was once playing the Squire in the pantomime of "Old Mother Goose," and at the moment when he was walking off the stage singing

My wife's dead, there let her lie,
She's at rest and so am I;

a man tapped him hurriedly on the shoulder and whispered: "You must come home directly; Mrs. Reeves is dead." Greatly shocked, Mr. Reeves hurried home and found it but too true. Most impressive coincidences have sometimes occurred in the words of actors in their last appearance on the stage. An English actor named Cummins some twenty years ago appeared in a play in which it fell to him to deliver these lines:

Be witness for me, ye celestial hosts,
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee and begs of heaven to show thee,
May such befall me at my latest hour.

The last words had scarcely dropped from his lips when he fell dead on the stage.

FENNIMORE COOPER relates the following: "A wealthy merchant of Connecticut devised a notable scheme to give a fatal blow to the superstition of Friday being an unlucky day. He caused the keel of a very large ship to be laid on Friday; he named her "The Friday;" he launched her on a Friday; he gave the command of her to a captain whose name was Friday; and she commenced her first voyage on a Friday, bound for China with a costly cargo; and in all respects she was one of the noblest and best appointed ships that ever left the port. The result was, neither ship nor crew was ever heard of afterward. Thus his well-meant plan, so far from showing the folly of superstition, only confirmed seamen in their absurd belief."

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Summerland offers all the advantages for such a colony, located as it is upon the seashore, in the unequalled climate of Santa Barbara, and but five miles from that most beautiful city—a spot where the sun ever shines, overlooking the ocean, extending even to its silvered shore, with a background of mountains, which forms a shelter from the north winds, insuring what that country has the reputation of enjoying—the most equable climate in the world. It is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, now completed between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, and on what in the near future will be the main line of that road.

The site constitutes a part of what is known as the Ortego Rancho, owned by H. L. Williams. It faces the south and ocean, gently sloping to the latter, where as fine bathing ground exists as can be found on this Coast. A fine beach drive extends to and beyond the city of Santa Barbara. Back, and two and a half miles to the north, extends the Santa Inez range of mountains, forming a beautiful and picturesque back-ground. A most beautiful view of the mountains, islands, ocean, and along the coast, is had from all parts of the site. The soil is of the very best.

Orders for lots in Summerland may be made through the office of the GOLDEN GATE, or of H. L. WILLIAMS, Santa Barbara. Price, \$30. Orders for lots will be received and entered, and the lots selected and located by the editor of this journal, where parties cannot be present to select for themselves.

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From The Sun Angel Order of Light.

[Written for the GOLDEN GATE, by Spirit Saidie, leader of the Oriental Band in the heavens, through the mediumship of Mrs. C. S. Fox, Scribe for the Order of Light.]

Children in earth-land, Saidie comes from the land of Light and Love, laden with fadeless blooms which flourish in the bright beyond. On this day when a wave of thought sweeps through the land, thought of a bright Easter-morn when a Christ is believed to have risen from the dead, Saidie would give to her own a brighter glimpse of a more glorious Easter morn, e'en the resurrection morn of a soul once fettered by chains. Not chains of persecution or oppression, but chains forged of human needs, welded by superstition and made doubly strong by fear. Saidie will give the record of a dear one, born into materiality from the life beyond, seeking incarnation as the school for human unfoldment, obeying the mandate of the Most High willingly, lovingly, and yet in falling asleep, forgetfulness enshrouded her spirit as with a mantle of night. Memory slept while the spirit wore the garment of materiality, slept to awaken but in fitful visions of a past, that like a faint echo of some forgotten melody would occasionally stir the depths of her soul, causing her to start as though some bright vision were opening before her; some veil being lifted, revealing the actual which was hers in a land more bright and beautiful than earth.

Thus passed a life of few summers when the spirit's voice she heard echoing through the depths of her soul. The church on earth had received her as its child; to its doctrines she gave assent, as being those of heaven's king, but within, existed many doubts. Oft she would look upon those who claimed much as followers of "the meek and lowly one," and would compare the life with their works when religious thought took its place in the mind; and in her innocence of heart and purity of thought, she would wonder and think, Where does consistency dwell? Surely not there. Death seemed a fearful leap in the dark; life looked bright and pleasant, but the call "Come home," seemed to be echoed before her in every walk of life, and also a power strong to support, came and upheld, until the trying ordeal was fully passed, and the freed spirit found itself lying upon a bed of blooms sweetly resting, half dreaming, half awake, where, she knew not, but free from pain with the sweet bloom about her she lay, listening to the song of birds breaking the pure air, until a voice spoke in tones of sweetest love:

"Child, I knew you had come, I am come to give you welcome." And an angel's kiss told the weary earth pilgrim of love and peace. Her heart thrilled with nameless joy, and still she felt she were but dreaming. The angel took her by the hand, bidding her walk with her; leading her over beautiful paths, o'er which she had wandered ere forgetfulness enshrouded her in its mantle; but still the child felt she were dreaming. At last she spoke, starting at the sound of her own voice as she did so; "What a sweet dream this is!" and seeing the angel's smile, she but walked on wondering, Would waking soon come, or was a vision becoming reality? No sound of voices to which she had for years been accustomed came to her. Where were the loved ones who had ministered to her, and was she in the world of spirits, were the questions that rose shadow-like within her brain. But to walk thus, free from pain, blessed with the company of the beautiful one who had come to her, to breathe the exhilarating air laden with the fragrance of sweet blooms, to note the happy faces of those she met, filled her mind at last to the entire seclusion of all else.

Waking time had in reality dawned for her, but like the rising sun must come the light which should reveal to her the realities that had once been her own. She had been watched o'er and loved, cared for and ministered to through all the years of her earth life, and yet the ministrations were silent and unseen. Her heart had oft responded to our love, and willingly, had she but known the truth, would she have told to others of the ministering ones, so lovingly leading her, e'en through the mist-covered valley. But the light of the Beyond was but dimmed, the fadeless glare would yet shine in her soul. Again she would take the place left vacant when her spirit yielded to the power of a law, that would lead her into the valleys, there to work out a problem of life; there to open a door into the mystic realm of spirit, that her loved ones might pass through and behold the light shining for them, that through her loving ministrations, her loved ones, who could but follow where her hand led, might know of the life beyond. Bright happy spirit! Willingly she slept the sleep which knows not full waking until again she should walk with hand clasped in that of an angel and she should enter again the open door of home. Even then, to her mind came no waking power, still she thought herself dreaming.

The angels seeing this, took again her hand, and throwing a mantle o'er her, led her back to the earth loved ones. Seeing these bowed with sorrow, seeing the still form so cold and white, she turned away, saying, "I will return with you." Then the waking time had come, and when with joyful heart she saw her dear ones turn their thought from the mythical, the old, was her Easter morn. It was then, when loved ones accepted her as their own, and her messages as messages from the Beyond, that full resurrection's benedictions were

hers. From that hour she could gather up joyfully the threads of life lain down for a purpose.

Then the arches of home rang with her joyful song, her Easter Anthem echoed and re-echoed through her soul, and loved ones on both sides the river of time joined heart and voice with her, singing the angels song. Many Easter morns make glad the land beyond. Many hearts there wait to sing their Easter anthems, until those they love shall turn away from the Easter service of church and creed, willing to become learners at the feet of angels. Children of the Order, Saidie chants her Easter anthem with a host of angels, not to-day alone, but continually, as her messengers wend their way earth-ward and return laden with the messages of love received from earth hearts. Our loved ones, among whom is the one of whom Saidie has told you, join heart and voice in many anthems, of which earth in its best endeavor has faintest conception. Oh! ye saints, singing your Easter anthems in the synagogues, little can ye know how meaningless your service, how foolish your praise. Waking time must come, but the dreams ye love will linger long, not so lovingly do you place your hands in the angel's but all in good time the heart hunger will lead each child of the Infinite into the realm of truth. Children whom Saidie loves, we'll sing anew an anthem of praise in the land that knows no night.

Peace be with you,
SAIDIE.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels' Order of Light.
OSWEGO, April, 10, 1889.

A Grumbler.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In the cause of humanity, will you allow an old subscriber to ask how long it has been since the town of Stockton has acquired the reputation of being the healthiest city but one in the United States, as suggested by Dr. Hudson in a recent issue of the GOLDEN GATE? It is not so many years since it was considered one of the most unhealthy in the State from the extreme heat of the summers, and its vicinity to the San Joaquin river. These causes have not been removed, and if the death rate is small, it must be that chills and fever throw out the malaria from the system, thereby destroying all other germ seeds; and although making life most miserable, rendering it also longer because no other disease has strength to combat it.

The truth is, we have been so long looking down into the rivers for the remedies for our troubles, that we forget to look up; and having preached sunshine and sun baths *ad libitum*, fail to perceive that the sun can disorganize as well as organize, and notwithstanding we have six months of almost cloudless sunshine, its full force bent upon us, we throw out bay windows on the sunniest side, as well to catch its fullest force, whether able to bear it or not. After a six months' season of bright, hot sunshine, comes the typhoid season, owing, it is said, to the cessation of the wind, which is very likely, as the air is not then tempered, and earth receives its full force.

Moral: Be temperate in the use of sunlight as everything else, and don't fancy because you are weak and miserable, that the full force of its battery alone is going to renew your strength. God speed your Summerland with its sanitarium, and give it strength and sense.

GRUMBLER.

Spiritualism and Theosophy.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I shall not enter into a discussion of the merits or demerits of the philosophy of Theosophy, or of Spiritualism, at this time. But as our telegraph dispatches this morning announce the proceedings of a (or I should say) the American branch of Theosophists at Chicago, in which proceedings, one of the leaders of that convention took occasion through their leader Mme. Blavatsky, to denounce Spiritualism or Spiritualists as being the enemies of Theosophy, referring to us as *blind worshipers of illusionary phantoms of the dead*, I think it time for us Spiritualists to rise and explain, and as we have a few Theosophists here who hold us Spiritualists in very much the same light as Mme. Blavatsky does, we would wish to say that as Spiritualists we have not been running after Theosophists, nor have we tried to force our views on to them; but quite *vice versa*, and I will now say, and think I speak the mind of Spiritualists generally: Go good Theosophist your own way, believe as you can, and as we cannot all think alike we will not condemn thee; but don't think for a moment that we as Spiritualists are trying to pin our faith onto your skirts, nor do we ask you to become one with us. We are wishing to recognize you as a part of the great family of the human race, and as such we are brothers and sisters, and we all may ultimately arrive at a knowledge of the truth. But please do not think that Progressive Spiritualists are the enemies of any one regardless of race or color, or previous conditions of servitude, or that we Spiritualists are running after the ancient doctrines of Theosophy.

C. A. REED.

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April 27th.—AFFIRMATION. "Why and How we Affirm Truth."
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April 30th.—INTUITION. "How to Develop True Individuality."
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PSYCHO-MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN.

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GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1889.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

One may well doubt the excellent qualities of people who are always saying unpleasant things of their neighbors. If said "neighbors" were consulted on the subject, it is quite probable that they would tell a different story. There are people who seldom speak well of anybody. Such people are never happy; but they are not to be blamed for their inharmonious natures, only when they fail to put forth every effort within their power to overcome them.

Onward, ever onward, sweeps the mighty tide of human life, bearing on its crested billows the hopes, the joys, the griefs and tears, of countless millions of souls. Grandeur and more god-like with each succeeding age, humanity is slowly but surely ascending the heights of being. Comparing the close of the first century of the American Republic with its beginning, in all things in the material and spiritual, what imagination can encompass the unfoldments of the century to come!

Some one has said, "It is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all." But we hold that in the nature of love—of true spiritual love—there can be no such thing as loss. It is an eternal verity, a golden diadem of the soul, that will grow brighter and more beautiful with the unfolding ages. Those selfish attachments that bind us to the material things of life, are only the outward forms, the mere shells of love, that crumble to ashes often, and are soon forgotten. But true love never dies, and never loses anything.

A noble thought once embodied in words will live forever. It will find expression in all languages, through all ages. The canvas will fade away with time, and marble turn to dust, but a grand thought will survive the "wreck of matter and the crash of worlds," and glow with a light divine throughout the infinite æons of eternity. The "Golden Rule" and the "Ten Commandments," and especially the "new commandment" that Jesus gave to his disciples, "that ye love one another," will radiate the souls of unborn millions of human beings long after Cheops is forgotten, and the mountains are level with the sea.

Don't be too sure that you are right, when there is a large margin of possibility that you may be wrong. There is not always a pressing need that one should pass in judgment in matters whereof there may be honest differences of opinion. There is no harm in leaving the question open, in most matters concerning which men wrangle and abuse each other, and sometimes come to actual blows. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." On all matters of mere opinion, that do not affect our own or others' personal welfare and happiness, we surely ought to be able to differ without ill feeling.

The physical facts of Spiritualism—such as the moving of ponderable bodies by invisible forces, table-tipping, independent writing and rapping, and various other phases of a physical character,—are as well established as the revolution of the earth on its axis, although not, of course, as generally accepted. Coupled with these facts, and what gives them value to humanity, is the intelligence behind them. And this intelligence, whenever we attempt to analyze it, we find to be what purports to be that of an individualized spirit that once inhabited a mortal body. The proofs of this fact are also conclusive. On this ground there is no diversity of opinions among Spiritualists, no matter of what shade of opinion—Theosophists, Christian or Spiritual Scientists, Re-incarnationists, etc. Now, with these fundamental facts established and agreed to, we can see no sort of necessity for wrangling on minor issues,—at least none that should prevent us from marching hand in hand against the common foes of the race—ignorance and superstition. Why should we not inscribe upon our banners, "In essentials unity, in non-essentials charity, in all things liberty of opinion?"

"The deadly dream," is just now the vicious spirit of the daily press, which is loudly clamoring for the enforcement of precautionary measures against the cable companies for the protection of life. That is all right; but who ever hears a word of protest from those virtuous editors against the deadly whisky mill, thousands of which are pursuing their work of human slaughter in this city, and all over the country? The saloon kills ten men, women and children, to the dammy's one, and yet our editors are as silent as the tomb about it—not a single protest against the deadly saloon ever escapes their pens. It wouldn't do, you know. The whisky seller has a host of friends—the soulless corporations none. Isn't it funny?

Unitarianism is a philosophical and rational religion, and it would be a really good and useful religion, but for its cold and comfortless character. It shuts the spirit within the walls of a frigid intellectuality, and there leaves it to wrestle with the dumb age of uncertainty, without a glimmer of knowledge of a future life. Like the less sensible, but more cheerful creeds, it ignores all the evidences of a future life, with which Spiritualists are so familiar, and jogs along in a sort of listless, apathetic way, gaining no strength, and yielding "no balm in Gilead" for sick souls. We know several Unitarian ministers who are cultured, charming gentlemen, but for solace in the hour of death we would as soon think of appealing to a statue of Apollo as to them.

Spiritualism will become elevated, and mediumship divested of all contingencies of dishonesty or fraud, just in proportion as the latter is relieved of its commercial aspect. While the honest laborer is indeed worthy of his hire, the temptation to deceive with new and startling phases of phenomena, (between which and the genuine many honest souls are not always capable of judging) is really so great as to seriously depreciate, in the mind of the average skeptic, the importance of genuine psychic manifestations. We must patiently wait for the spirit world to bring its mighty truths home to the lives and hearts of the people, as it is rapidly doing, and mediumship become so common that "all may drink of the waters of life freely," before Spiritualism will hold that high place in the estimation of the world to which it is justly entitled.

How much some of our good ministerial friends can tell us about God—what he likes, and what he dislikes—what he is, where and how he lives, and who assists him in the management of the universe. If you question the authority or authenticity of the Bible, or fail to join the Church, or happen to regard all days alike holy, they can tell you just what God will do to you for your "disobedience," as well as though they were private detectives in his employ. They are also thoroughly familiar with that opposition Deity, whom we call Satan, a being who is either co-equal with God or permitted to exist by the sufferance of God—and who appears to have the best of the contest in the matter of capturing souls. They know all about the plans and purposes of creation, all heedless of the Scripture that declares, "The ways of the Lord are a great deep, and past finding out."

SPECULATION.

Speculation in the staples of life is a crime, and it is a most singular thing that those engaged in the unholy business never die of remorse. Prosperity seems to blunt their moral perception of the thing, and if they fail they possess little or no moral courage to sustain them in their adversity. John Jackson who was found hanging by the neck one morning recently, in the St. Louis Grain Elevator Company's office, is another example of how thoroughly a man feels ruined who falls in a "corner." He was one of the best known business men in St. Louis, with very large interests, and he would probably have been living to-day had he not extended his financial ventures to hay and grain. Nature came to the rescue of the poor past winter so that the fuel "trusts" have not borne heavily upon them as was feared. It is an unaccountable thing in man that he will, if possible, profit by his brother's straits and necessities. And what an injury he does his eternal soul when he would increase his fleeting worldly gain through the toil and privation of others.

"Too Wicked."—We always supposed that it was the more wicked places on earth that needed and got the most churches—it is so in San Francisco, at any rate. But it may be barely possible that there are degrees of wickedness that are too much for the church and clergy. At any rate, the Bishop of Gibraltar, after a counsel with the Anglican ministers of Riviera has concluded that "it is not expedient to build a church at Monte Carlo,"—that "the place is too wicked." The good Bishop says, "I come to Monte Carlo, 'not to call the sinner, but the righteous to repentance.' Now, we don't think a Bishop should indulge in such serious conundrums. What need have the righteous to repent? If there are righteous in Monte Carlo, they are certainly entitled to a church. If the temptations are too great for the church, they, the righteous, should go to Gibraltar and keep the Bishop company, and make it unnecessary for him to 'call' them a second time.

MR. COLVILLE'S WORK.

On Sunday last, May 5th, W. J. Colville lectured during the morning service in Metropolitan Temple, on "Thoughts Suggested by the Centennial Celebration." Though rain fell heavily while the congregation was assembling, there was quite a large attendance, and the speaker received the rapid attention of all whom he addressed. Contrasting the condition of the United States to-day with a population of at least sixty-five millions with the state of affairs one hundred years ago, when the inhabitants numbered scarcely more than four millions, and then looking forward to 1989, allowing the history of the past century to suggest the attainment of one hundred years to come, the lecturer very reasonably argued that Belamy's ideas in "Looking Backward," are by no means improbable of fulfillment. Among the great features of the American Republic should be noted the complete separation of Church and State, the public education of the children of all grades of society, the custom prevalent everywhere of wealthy people doing work which in Europe would be considered degrading, and the ever-increasing feeling of personal independence which characterizes citizens. On the other hand, the encroachments of accumulated capital frighten many timid souls, and the outcry against vice consequent upon the improvement of the public conscience, leads pessimists like Bishop Potter to tremble for the future of the nation. These two great bugbears may be disposed of by pointing to consolidation as a stepping stone to nationalization in the field of industry, and to the attention called to vice as a sign that virtue is more appreciated and more vigorously demanded than in days gone by. It must never be forgotten that lapse of time so effectually conceals defects and brings excellencies into prominence that we realize everything of the good and comparatively nothing of the evil of old times and departed heroes, and in this very tendency to immortalize good and allow error to fade into oblivion, may we trace one of the principal causes for indulgence in the brightest optimism. The French Revolution and its effects was also dealt with at some length in an interesting and instructive manner. The music was excellent throughout; Mrs. Bishop's solos were charming, and Prof. Eckman made the grand organ literally speak.

In the evening W. J. Colville lectured at College Hall, 106 McAllister street, on "John Bright, His Life and Labor;" the subject proved very interesting, as the speaker made it a basis for much important information concerning the state of England during the last half century.

The closing lessons in the courses on Spiritual Science and Theosophy were given on Tuesday and Friday morning and evening, but as there is a demand for further instruction, a supplementary course of six lessons in Spiritual Science will commence Tuesday next, May 14th, at 10 A. M.; and on Theosophy same day at 8 P. M.

Mr. Colville's subject at Metropolitan Temple next Sunday, May 12th, at 10:45 A. M., will be "The Latest Word on Evolution, or A New Cosmology." Seats free; everybody invited.

VARIETY, THE SPICE OF LIFE.

A correspondent writes: "My appreciation of 'the GOLDEN GATE' is well attested by the fact that my name is always on your subscription list. I don't want to run your paper, but I should like, however, to suggest one improvement, and that is, that you leave out those interminable communications from the Sun Angel 'Order of Light. This everlasting sameness of 'sentiment is nauseating,' and much more of the same sort.

Forbearance with the opinions of others is a spiritual lesson that many otherwise good people need. In the spiritualistic ranks are people with all shades of opinion. Our correspondent does not like the Sun Angel articles. Now those articles constitute but a very small corner in the GOLDEN GATE. There are probably not less than one hundred of our subscribers, all Spiritualists, who take the G. G. solely for those articles; and we are willing, as long as said articles breathe a spirit of purity and goodness (as they invariably have in the past), to gratify their readers. To our correspondent they are "nauseating." Well, they wouldn't be if he did not read them. He should skip them for the sake of others, remembering that if the paper suited him in every respect it might not be acceptable to others in any respect.

We do not endorse all that our correspondents say; and yet we are willing to give them a hearing on all proper subjects relating to our cause. When our readers find the GOLDEN GATE advocating aught that tends to degrade humanity, then may they well find fault and condemn us. Otherwise, they must endeavor to be charitable.

SHOULD BE THANKFUL.—The Chinese nation was in its glory over four thousand years ago, since which time it has either stood still, apparently, or retrograded. It claims priority over nearly all our modern inventions, but seems to think itself better off without them, so it does things generally in a very primitive way. Now, whether the inhabitants of the Flowery Kingdom have exhausted the resources of intellectual and scientific growth, is a question which, perhaps, if they had more room to move in, they would settle in the negative. Overcrowding is just as bad for nations as it is for individuals; and this state of the former seems to beget a habit of the same in the latter, as exemplified in the Chinese residents of our country. But to return to our first idea. Young Chinese in America that are given the advantages of American children, all show great aptitude for learning, girls as well as boys; and it would seem that the soil is mainly the one thing needful for Chinese growth. Lillie Tin Loy, of Grass Valley, aged fifteen, is said to be one of the brightest pupils of the public schools in that section, and is thoroughly Americanized in all manners and customs. She is both musician and artist, and recently painted a life-sized portrait of her father, which is pronounced a fine piece of work. All nationalities thrive on Amer-

ican soil, and it is a pity for those who do not appreciate their liberties and advantages as residents and citizens, but would destroy the Government that gives them a refuge from Old World oppression and stagnation.

NONE FOR THE POOR.

It is every year becoming more apparent that unless radical measures are taken there will soon be no church for the poor and strangers of great cities. Superintendent Benj. W. Williams, sexton and collector of St. Thomas' Episcopal Church, New York City, voices the growing sentiment of all other wealthy churches when he speaks of the strangers and poor who seek a place in that so-called Temple of God as "deadhead worshippers," "the mob we have to deal with," and similar expressions that show plainly enough that "free salvation" is but a legendary myth by which some innocent souls are still deluded. There are plenty to take advantage of this state of things generally, and adopt means that will reach the masses.

Evangelist Yatman proposes to obtain a number of Pullman cars and arrange sections in them for men who are to receive students in the work of evangelization. He intends to go over the entire world, preaching the gospel to all mankind. Mr. Yatman says he already has one thousand applications.

Whether this "religious college on wheels" will prove a saving spiritual grace we are not prepared to judge. But we do think that every great city should have a People's Church, such as is proposed and seriously contemplated for San Francisco. A site is proposed, and Senator Stanford offers to give fifty thousand, or twice that, if needed, on condition that as much more shall be raised for the purpose. Dr. Harcourt will probably be pastor. This gentleman says, "The 'present age has not outgrown the gospel, but 'it has outgrown cant and sepulchre twaddle in 'the pulpit. It is a hard one on that kind of 'solemnity which comes from dyspepsia, but 'listens with greater reverence than any preceding generation to the earnest, unpretentious 'enunciation of truth. Men are hungry to-day 'as never before for a knowledge of those things 'that pertain to manhood; but if they come to 'church and are fed on straw raised five hundred 'years ago, they are dissatisfied, and remain 'away to their credit."

Religion and common sense should go together—the last attracts and the first refines.

STUPIDITY.

Some one, in reviewing a book that had its origin in the Fox confession, says: "It is a significant fact that the same region of New York 'State that witnessed the rise of the founder of 'Mormonism, saw also the first development of 'Spiritualism. . . . It is difficult to tell which 'has proved the greater evil."

Nothing is more potent than disgust to turn one from pursuing a thing; and if common sense people of all beliefs whatever, are not thoroughly disgusted with the amount of stupidity and gross ignorance displayed by that class that fell in with the Foxes and rushed into print, we are quite mistaken.

The idea of making Spiritualism and the Foxes of one origin is really too silly to mention. Every Christian on the globe knows that it is as old as the human race itself. Since the first soul was translated from our world, has there been spirit return. The Christian Bible is full of Spiritualism, but called miracles; it has been demonstrated to all intelligent minds that the age of miracles is not past. It must be equally apparent that the Foxes had very little to do with these things, when their occurrence is just as frequent now as before that last "death blow" was given.

We know there are deceiving spirits as there are mortals who deceive; we must try the one as we do the other, for they are just the same—unprogressed souls. When one grows learned and wise in spiritual things, he grows truthful and honest. We do not discard all mankind when we have been wronged by one; we simply become more cautious in choosing our associates and business partners. We believe, however, it is a false idea that like always attracts like; it is far more likely that we attract our opposite, because it is by this means that things are kept at some sort of equilibrium in this life. Evil comes to good to be modified. Good spirits seek the low and dark ones to lift them up into the light.

NOT INFIDELITY.

This is surely not an age of infidelity, for never was there a time in this world's history that such universal proof of a life beyond the grave was had. We know also, that after a certain term of discipline here, the other life is in every way preferable to this one; and we also know that it is a law of nature that the body shall die and return to the earth and air from which it gathered its elements of life.

For those who do not believe in the future realm of being, we can somewhat imagine that under proper conditions it might become desirable to live forever in our present state. But for Christians to so desire, is strange indeed. A religious society exists in Worcester, Ohio, called the "Faith Home," with a dozen members. These individuals being unable to obtain spiritual satisfaction in the churches, meet every Sunday to study and interpret the Bible to suit themselves. They believe that they can reach perfection and an equality with Christ, and thus resist death and live forever on earth. When these people get out of their shells of clay, they will behold such revelations as shall make them modest and not envious of Christ.

ST. ANDREWS' HALL.—These meetings, being conducted by Dr. and Mrs. Nickless, will be assisted during the present month, by Mrs. E. B. Crossette, who, with Mrs. Nickless, will deliver a short address every Sunday morning and evening. Tests will be given at each session. Morning services commence at 11 A. M., and evening at 7:45 P. M. All are welcome. Seats free.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Dr. Nellie Beigle did not go to Summerland as she expected, owing to a number of important cases which she could not leave.

—In place of our "Onesimus Took" chapter for next week, we shall publish the remarkable Easter discourse on Spiritualism by Rev. M. J. Savage.

—Dr. J. R. and Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless and Mrs. E. B. Crossette will entertain their friends on Friday evenings of each week, at their rooms, No. 108 McAllister street.

—Samuel P. Putnam, of *Free Thought*, will lecture at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, next Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. Subject: "Moody and Sam Jones Reviewed."

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney, one of the grandest platform and private test mediums of whom we have any knowledge, will leave for the East about the first of July. She will spend the Summer at Onset, and the following Winter in Washington. She will scatter blessings wherever she goes.

—Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless' parlor seances, or "Sunflower" receptions, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings of each week, at No. 108 McAllister street, are becoming very popular and are patronized by those who are anxious to get a crumb of comfort from the dear ones who have passed from their sight.

—W. J. Colville will lecture at Metaphysical College Hall, 106 McAllister street, Sunday, May 12th, at 7:30 P. M., on "Light on the Path, or The True Basis of Theosophy." A special concluding series of theosophical teachings will be given on the evenings of Tuesdays and Fridays, May 14, 17, 21, 24, 28 and 31, at 8 P. M. On the mornings of the same days, at 10 o'clock, a special course of six lessons, followed by answers to questions on Spiritual Science applied to health and healing will be given. Course tickets, \$1.00.

—The Union Spiritual Society held its usual meeting on Wednesday evening at St. Andrews' Hall, 111 Larkin street. The meeting was opened by the newly elected President, Mrs. Scott Briggs, making a few remarks and reading an invocation. Professor Seymour followed with a lecture on "Inspiration," which subject was well handled by him in the limited time allowed him. The second hour was occupied by different speakers in a general conference meeting. The society intends to hold meetings every Wednesday. The new officers for the next six months are: President, Mrs. Scott Briggs; Vice President, Mrs. E. W. Parry; Treasurer, Mrs. L. McCann; Secretary, M. H. Wilkens.

SUMMERLAND.—We perceive that a new town has been located in California and given the name Summerland, but this name applied to an earthly village or locality seems to be in bad taste. How would it seem to set off a scope of country somewhere and name it Spiritland, or the Spirit World, and locate a village or a city therein and call it heaven? Folks are hard pressed for a name who go to the spiritual realm to find one. We have another use for the name Summerland and dislike to see it applied to an earthly village. How would the name Greenland do for the new village? This would indicate a place of perennial verdure, as it really is, according to the description of it.—"N." in *Better Way*.

We were first inclined to reply to the above, as we would have done in other days, but the reminder of Prov. xxvi., 4, prompted us to better things. It is quite likely that "N." is not aware that Summerland is a very appropriate name for a town located in a land of perpetual Summer, as at our Summerland. And especially is it so, when such town is established as a resort for Spiritualists. His comparison of the name with that of "Spiritland," or "Spirit World," is so far-fetched and strained as to be actually painful. We are entirely satisfied with "Summerland," so are the good spirit friends who suggested the name.

THE SOCIAL OF THE LADIES' ELSMERE CLUB.—A very happy party assembled last Saturday evening at the social of the Ladies' Elsmere Club for the benefit of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten, held at the residence of Mrs. Hill, 117 Leavenworth street. An enjoyable program of a musical and literary character was successfully carried out. Among the principal numbers were a piano solo by Mr. Blue, readings from Hamlet by Dr. Thomas L. Hill, ballad singing by Madame Fries-Bishop, recitations by Master Ray Irwin and Miss Gertie Michener, and a rattling speech from Mr. Charlie Dawbarn. A collection taken up for the kindergarten secured a satisfactory amount of the needful, which was augmented by the addition of a sum offered to the school in case the feat of putting the "pigs in clover" could be successfully performed, the same having been accomplished during the evening. After refreshments had been substantially partaken of, a number of amusing songs were sung by the company in general, at the conclusion of which "Home, Sweet Home," became the order of the evening.

SPIRITS LIABLE TO BE MISTAKEN.—"I know those were genuine materializations," said a good medium to the writer recently, referring to a certain seance the honesty of which others were disposed to question, "because my guide said they were." Now, one would suppose that a spirit present at said seance ought to know; but here is a fact which all mediums are not familiar with, and that is, that when a spirit comes close enough into the physical to discern material things, it is just as liable to be deceived concerning the spiritual nature of supposed psychic manifestations as is a mortal. Thus, the most trustworthy of spirit guides may honestly believe a spirit is manifesting, especially if their mediums are firmly of that conviction, and the whole thing be an abominable deception. It is not at all to the discredit of the spirit guide, nor to the medium, that they are mistaken. The best of spirits, in or out of the body, are liable to be deceived.

Independent Spiritual Meeting.

EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE:

The meeting at 35 Eddy street last Sunday evening was composed of a fine audience, including many of our distinguished citizens and high city officials.

The subject, "Materialization Unveiled," and the speakers announced drew a fine audience. The exercises were opened by a piano solo by Mrs. Hirschberg-Katz, followed by a song entitled "Safe in My Father's Home," by Jos. W. Maguire, which was most beautifully rendered. The opening address by Mr. E. G. Anderson was a fair and candid presentation of the subject, and given in a clear and acceptable manner, from his own personal experience and observation, fully demonstrating the truth of materialization, conceding the fact that all was not materialization that appeared as such. Though Mr. Anderson is practical and logical in his deductions on the subject, yet the veil hiding the mystery of whence it came, and how it was done had never been removed.

Mrs. Wiggins, in her usual earnest manner, demonstrated the truth of the phenomena, and also made a thorough denunciation of charlatanism and spiritual fraud.

Mr. Kirkwood gave some scientific facts relating to the mystery of the phenomena.

The rather duet by Messrs. Pettibone and Wolf was most charming; nothing but an encore would satiate the desire and admiration of the music lovers. Mrs. Mulharg sang "Sweet Spirit Hear My Prayer" in a sweet and charming manner.

Mr. Jos. Maguire will be present next Sunday evening, and sing, and relate his discoveries as a psychical researcher relating to materialization. These meetings have been in progress about eight months, and evince an increasing interest as the highly intelligent audiences that attend demonstrate.

Spiritualism has been borne down under heavy burdens by introducing into our public meetings light and frivolous material, which makes no impression except an unfavorable one on the minds of intelligent investigators. Let us all unite in weeding out the spiritual garden that we may behold the outgrowth of our beautiful philosophy.

St. George's Hall Meeting.

EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE:

Please allow a little space in the columns of your grand spiritual journal for a brief outline of our spiritual work in this city. Coming, as we did, from a twenty years' peregrinations throughout several States in the Union, worn and weary (not in well doing), but with the burden of thousands of souls crying for light, more light! and finding so few to dispense it because many are called and few chosen on account of their environments and numberless things that we must not take space to mention at this time.

Well, we took rooms in this city Sept. 1st, 1888, and the same day a hall for evening meeting twice a week, feeling an assurance that our course was inspired by our angel helpers, yet poor in purse and raiment scant, trusting still that good would result. We purposely avoided names in our advertisements, and refrained from employing any speakers or mediums, but gave a general invitation for all to attend and to participate. The result has been an outpouring of the spirit through many speakers and mediums; a number have made their first public speech in our hall.

Last Sunday afternoon Prof. Seyman's able lecture on the "Science of Clairvoyance," and the sweet music by Mrs. Rutter and Miss Hare; Dr. Mead, Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Briggs and Col. Hopkins addressed the audience. In the evening Mrs. Higgins entranced, spoke grandly; Mrs. Rutter sang in her charming, characteristic style; "Sunshine," an Indian maiden, took control of Mrs. Higgins, and carried sunshine to many hearts throughout the audience by way of tests and messages from spirit friends.

Ever for the right,
MRS. F. A. LOGAN.
SAN FRANCISCO, May 6, 1889.

The Young People's Meeting.

EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE:

The wet and dreary condition of things on Sunday last, did not prevent a large attendance at Fraternity Hall to the Young People's Meeting. The hall could not accommodate all that came. The usual singing was led by G. F. Perkins, after a poem was read. Dora Hill gave a piano solo. Recitations by Clement Ward and Jessie Cranston. Songs by Dr. Dewey and Oscar Stormfield. Dr. Dewey, under control, gave some very satisfactory tests, and Mrs. Jennie, of Oakland, followed by answering a great many questions.

Circles were formed and the many mediums joined their forces to feed the hungry investigators with spirit tests. G. F. Perkins had a large circle and gave a large number of very satisfactory tests. There is a noticeable increase of investigators each night; many acknowledge themselves as church members and as having attended no other meeting. It is impossible to deny that there is a special work being well done at the Young People's Meeting. The Lyceum are to have a benefit for their library on May 16th.

Mediums' Meeting.

EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE:

The rainy weather caused a feeling of depression over all sensitives, last Sunday, and in consequence thereof all mediums felt inclined to stay at home rather than to attend any meeting. But there was a good attendance of investigators at Fraternity Hall, 909 Market street. G. F. Perkins presided, and Mrs. Stout furnished piano music. Mrs. Perkins, being in Sacramento for a vacation, there were expressions of regret by the audience at not seeing her as usual.

Dr. Abbott entertained the listeners for a half hour with a talk upon laws of the polarity of human beings, and experimented with a young man who was sensitive and subject to the psychological influence of spirit. To all investigators his remarks could not fail to interest them. We need more scientific mediums as teachers. After the Doctor had concluded his tests and readings, the audience formed into circles, and many good tests were given by local mediums, and all seemed to enjoy it. Dr. Abbott is expected to produce the slate-writing test next Sunday.

Fraternity Hall.

EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE:

The Progressive Spiritualists of Oakland met last Sunday at Fraternity Hall to hold their usual exercises. Mr. Shepherd presiding at the evening meeting, Mrs. S. A. Harris delivered a lecture, subject, "All is Life, There is no Death," also answering a number of questions propounded by the audience, which were very satisfactorily answered.

Next Sunday evening Mrs. Ada Ballou will occupy the platform the entire evening, accom-

panied by her daughter, who has great talent for singing; Mrs. Ada Ballou is a fine speaker also clairvoyant and clairaudient; she will give tests from the platform. We invite all to come. Meetings commence at 7 P. M.
MRS. DAVIS, Sec'y.

The Approaching Pic-nic.

EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE:

The time draws near for the long talked of assembly of sisters and brothers in Summerland. The meeting to-day was largely attended, and ways and plans discussed to make the event one of hallowed pleasure. With the spirit world to bless and guide, we are sure of success.

Work goes steadily on. Water will be distributed this week over the site; will have a pressure of over 200 feet, which will afford a better protection against fire than fire engines.

The weather is perfect, just warm enough to be comfortable. I find a thick wrap very comfortable driving, and when evening approaches quite necessary. Some of our kind friends, or enemies (just as we take their views), who gave Summerland such a "salt marsh," ought to see the growth of mustard eight feet high in some spots, making the site look at a distance like a sea of waving gold. The soil is the best, I believe, considered in California; however, I fear the friends at a distance who have lots, will not enjoy the pleasure of viewing this growth of yellow beauty, as the despoiler in the shape of a cutting machine, will invade the domains and make inroads (I hope not sad ones.) The longer one remains in Summerland the feeling arises of peace and home, and contentment waves her flag of joy to all who may plant the staff of freedom in thought and heart on this beautiful spot.

I would say to the ladies who contemplate this visit, that thin dresses will not be necessary; ordinary thick gowns will be more comfortable. Thick soled shoes for the beach, thick gloves and a sunhat, and one is equipped for a pic-nic by the "deep rolling sea." I join with you in hoping this event will be one to repeat. As the years pass and revolve in the cycles of time, let some event mark this happy time. Will we promise? Who can tell? Adieu till May 12th,
ROSE L. BUSHNELL.
SUMMERLAND, May 5, 1889.

Fine Manners.

(George William Curtis.)

Fine manners no code can teach. If they are conscious, they become artificial and are fine no longer. A man indeed may be taught to avoid grossness and impudence and not mistake them for ease. The youth who puffs a cigarette when he is walking with a lady, who is free and easy instead of scrupulously courteous in his address and tone, may be told that he is merely ungentelemanly and vulgar, and, if he chooses, he may correct his behavior. Certainly he would correct it if the lady showed him that she required the correction. The impudence of young men generally reflects the weakness of young women. If they required courtesy, there would be little insolence on the part of their cavaliers.

DEATH ends the ego. Personal identity is extinct. We may leave footprints behind us—or leave written or printed ideas—mind impressions, but ourselves are annihilated.—Aunt Elmina.

They are, are they? Well, how do you know? Because you have never had any evidence to the contrary. Is your testimony worth as much as that of the tens of thousands of people, equally honest with yourself, who claim to have had positive evidence of continued existence? Just here is where our materialistic friends are frightfully lame. They deny dogmatically and positively. Is not the testimony of the man who saw the prisoner at the bar steal the sheep, more entitled to weight than that of the man who was in another part of the county and did not witness the theft?

Nothing can be more infamous than intellectual tyranny. To put chains upon the body is as nothing compared with putting shackles on the brain. No God is entitled to the worship or the respect of man who does not give, even to the meanest of his children, every right that he claims for himself.—Col. Ingersoll.

There is an Order of Nature, pervading alike, the actions going on within us and without us, to which, from moment to moment, our lives must conform, under penalty of one or other evil; therefore, our first business must be to study this Order of Nature.—Herbert Spencer.

NOTICE.

The Leavenworth County Association of Spiritualists will hold their Semi Annual Camp-meeting on the 18th and 19th of May, at New Era Hall, one and a half mile southeast of Fairmount, Kansas, one-half mile from East Fairmount, on the A. T. and S. F. R. R., and a half mile from Wallala on the K. C. W. and N. W. R. R. Conveyances in attendance at all trains. Good accommodation in the way of board and lodging will be furnished parties coming from a distance, at one dollar per day. Good mediums and speakers will be in attendance. All (especially skeptics) are cordially invited. For further information address

MARY R. HUTCHINSON,
Secretary Association.
No. 527 South Tenth street, Leavenworth, Kan.

Advice to Mothers.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

The annual meeting for the election of nine directors, and hear the report of the several officers of the Society was held in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, Sunday May 5th at 2 P. M. Meeting was called to order by the President, J. A. Collins, who, having been quite ill, was unable to tender a written report, but gave one verbally, with the understanding that a written one should be given when his health should permit.

The Secretary's report read as follows: I have to report as Secretary of the Society, that since the new by-laws have been adopted, making the dues \$1.00 per quarter instead of 50 cents as formerly, our membership decreased, many feeling unable to meet the increased payment; but as non-membership does not take away any privileges of the attendants of Sunday or Society meetings except voting, it was thought by the Directors that those who became members under the new by-laws, did so purely from a desire for the advancement of the Society. I must say in passing, that one-half of our membership does go to form a Medium's Fund for the benefit of the mediums in want belonging to the Society, so that really the Society gets but 50 cents as dues; so, while we may make a poorer showing in numbers, our members are in earnest, and we are confident they will increase in numbers, as the aims and purpose of the Society is made known.

The number of members fully paid up and entitled to vote, is 38. The Society held no meetings during the month of June, having a vacation during Camp-meeting. We have had 48 Sunday meetings and 29 Business meetings; those on Sunday consisted of the discussing of 27 subjects of the deepest importance to the welfare of the people, also Conference and Experience meetings; 226 speakers have taken part in the exercises, and many of our mediums have given platform tests. I close my report with an invitation to all who are in sympathy with the progressive movement of this Society, to come and join us, for in unity there is strength.

Respectfully submitted,
MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD, Sec'y.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

RECEIVED.

April 1, 1888—Balance on hand.....	\$2 31 50
Income and expense, door receipts.....	417 20
30 shares Spring Valley Water Co. stock.....	3,052 50
Bills receivable.....	2,400 00
Rent account, Sleeper property.....	5,393 45
Social No. 12, held April, 1888, account.....	
Library.....	84 25
Interest account.....	101 40
Sunday evening meetings, Sept. and Oct. 1888, account.....	113 15
Donation and benefit account.....	254 00
Members' dues.....	145 05
Library account.....	18 15
Rent account, Post street property.....	170 00 9,219 15
	\$9,250 65

DISBURSED.

Income and expense.....	\$36 00
Bills receivable.....	2,400 00
Rent account, Sleeper property.....	961 65
Social No. 12, held April, 1888, account.....	
Library.....	42 30
Interest account.....	25 00
Secretary.....	60 00
Stationery.....	10 80
Sunday evening meetings, Sept. and Oct. 1888, account.....	76 05
Donation and benefit account.....	254 00
Suspense account, (account Post street property, &c.).....	1,737 30
Post street property.....	1,502 40
Library account.....	236 50
Music account.....	55 50
Medium's Relief Fund, taxes on 2 lots.....	35 00
Advertising.....	101 15
Repair account, Sleeper property.....	129 95
Hall rent.....	137 50
	\$8,266 55

Bal. cash, Cal. Nat. Bank of	\$570 55
" Sather Banking Co. 736 40	
" Certified check in hand.....	57 15 984 10
	\$9,250 65

E. and O. E., San Francisco, April 30th, 1889.
S. B. CLARK, Treasurer.

Treasurer's inventory of assets and liabilities is as follows:

Cash balance on hand.....	\$984 10
Library, 942 vols., Book Case.....	1,200 00
Sundries (Painting Bulletin Boards, &c.).....	50 00
Medium's Relief Fund, 2 lots.....	50 00
Real Estate, Sleeper Property Building Fund, 3 deeds.....	25,000 00
Post street, 1 contract.....	20,000 00
	\$47,284 10

LIABILITIES.....\$13,000 00
Real Estate, Post street Property.....\$34,284 10
S. B. CLARK, Treas.

Report of Auditing Committee:

The undersigned Finance Committee of the Board of Directors of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists respectfully report that they have examined, checked and audited all items of receipts and expenditures during the past year, and compared the same with the numerous vouchers therefor, as kept and presented by the Secretary and Treasurer at each monthly meeting, and found them strictly correct and complete in every particular.
MONROE THOMSON,
FRANK A. DAVIS.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 30, 1889.

Librarian's Report, May 5, 1889:
It is with feelings of pleasure that I present my report as Librarian of the Progressive Spiritualists' Free Library, from the fact that in my opinion it has done a good work in the past year. According to the record, there have been 2,533 books loaned during the year, averaging 211 per month. The library contains at the present time 942 books, wanting 48 more to make 1,000, which we are in hopes to have added to the library before the close of the year, as we ought to have new catalogues, nearly 300 books having been added since ours were printed. We have to thank the public for the interest manifested in spiritual literature as shown; but we also feel that the fact of there being a spiritual library absolutely free to every responsible person, is not as generally known outside of Spiritualists as it should be; many who are just having their attention awakened to the facts (to us) of Spiritualism would gladly avail themselves of information concerning the science and philosophy thereof, did they know where to obtain books and papers; and so I believe that this information should be given to the people by all Spiritualists, and it should also be advertised in the daily papers, thereby helping others to become possessed of this knowledge.

We also desire to thank the many good friends who have so generously donated books the past year, there having been presented 204 by 39 persons, the principal donors being J. C. Bundy of the *Kellogg Journal*, who gave 13; Mrs. L. M. Dougherty of Benicia, 19; an unknown friend, 18; Mrs. Julia Schlesinger, 13; Frank A. Davis, 17; and the Swedenborgian Publishing Co. of New York a complete set of Swedenborg books. We have corresponded with 15 editors and publishers of spiritual papers and magazines, and nearly all responded by sending regularly the different publications to be placed on file, so that the reading room contains nearly every paper or journal on progressive thought published in English, Spanish, French and other languages.

I think enough has been said to lead you to take even more interest in our free library than ever before, and each one see that they do all possible to enhance its benefit, and I would most

earnestly urge all who feel an interest in this noble work to contribute any books they may have that will benefit humanity.

Respectfully submitted,
MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD, Librarian.

The following resolutions were read by Monroe Thomson, and feelingly responded to by the persons designated:

Resolved, That the thanks of this society are due, and are hereby tendered to Hon. John A. Collins, its worthy president, for the zeal, energy and ability with which he has performed the arduous duties of his responsible position during the past year.

Resolved, That the thanks of this society are hereby tendered to Mrs. Julia Schlesinger, vice-President and member of the retiring Board of Directors, for her zealous and efficient services in behalf of the society, and for the aid of her eloquent and ever ready voice and pen in teaching our beautiful spiritual philosophy.

Resolved, That the thanks of this society are hereby tendered to Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, our faithful Secretary and Librarian, and member of the retiring Board of Directors, for the careful and zealous performance of her various official duties during the past year.

Resolved, That the thanks of this society are hereby tendered to S. B. Clark, its Treasurer for the past six years, for the ability, industry and accuracy with which he has kept its accounts during that period, showing by his annual report this day presented every dollar received by him belonging to the society fully and properly accounted for.

On motion, all reports accepted and ordered placed on minutes.

The next proceeding was the nomination and election of the following persons as Directors: John A. Collins, Monroe Thomson, Mrs. Lena C. Cook, James B. Chase, Mrs. N. L. Churchill, Capt. M. R. Roberts, Frank A. Davis, James H. Moore, Jerome Spaulding, all of whom were declared duly elected.

On motion, the resolutions were accepted unanimously, and ordered put on the minutes. Meeting adjourned.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 909½ and 913½ Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 2 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission, 10 cts. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 841 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE, 106 McALLISTER Street—W. J. Colville lectures every Sunday, at 7:30 P. M., and conducts classes for thoroughly practical instruction in Spiritual Science, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 10 A. M. Lectures and conversations on Theosophy, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 7:45 P. M.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Mrs. E. B. Crossette, the Inspirational Speaker, and Mrs. Ladd Finnegan and Mrs. E. Perkins, will give tests at every meeting. Admission, 10 cts. All invited.

OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE Lodge of the Theosophical Society, are held on the second and fourth Sundays of each month, at 106 McAllister street, at 7:30. Earnest inquirers cordially invited.
COUNCIL G. G. OF THE T. S.

SPIRITUAL CIRCLE OF HARMONY IN ST. GEORGE'S HALL, 909 Market street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Every body invited. Perfect liberty for all to participate. Mrs. F. A. Logan, presiding. Admission, 10 cts.

LECTURE TESTS AND SPIRITUAL HE

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Problems in Life—Ambition.

BY GUY A. DELANEY.

Justice is mine, if I but give
Conditions daily, how to live;
Yet if in this, I do not decline,
Ambitious hopes are only mine.

Who in life is without ambition? From the cradle to the grave, all humanity longs to be what they are not to-day. The little child watches in play the older children, and tries to imitate their doings; all great achievements are the result of ambitious thought. The drone of to-day intends to mend, and on the morrow commence a new life. And thus humanity plods along through earth's expanse, hoping to-morrow will bring brighter results than to-day.

Why this hope? Because nature is never satisfied; the soul is ever ambitious to unfold more and more in its beauty all along the line of life; its idealism is in advance of its environments, and ambitious to reach a higher point in life, which makes the incentive to struggle on. Surroundings often place us below our capacity, yet we do not lose ambition; hope ever remains pushing us forward, advancing us farther and farther in thought, waiting for a favorable opportunity to escape from the conditions holding us at war with our ambitious spirit. Melancholy or depression of spirit, often comes from the over-workings of the physical body. Temperance in all things should rule our every act; no one can work mentally or physically, without proper care for the machine they are working with; hence, the body being the machine given us to-day to work with, care should be taken that in all its parts it should be kept in perfect order. Yet, how few realize this important fact; young men, strong and robust, fill their stomachs with food unfit for beasts, and then drink all kinds of stimulants to give false tone to the system, and thus break down the machine for want of proper care. One of the worst habits society has fastened on mankind to-day, is the use of tobacco; boys hardly from their mothers' laps, are using the filthy weed, poisoning their systems with the nicotine and the many other poisons used in its preparation.

See the dyspeptics and nervous temperaments tottering towards an early grave for the want of proper training regarding their physical health, and in many cases, woman degrades herself with the indulgence of this poisonous weed. Why will habits seize and degrade the intelligence of humanity, when before us are the consequences of its degradation as lessons of its truth? Are not humanity blessed with reasoning powers beyond the capability of any other living thing? And yet we find nothing but the human family disobeying the laws of health, and thus ruining the machine they have the most power to protect. Is it because society makes a filthy habit popular that people of sense should fasten it on themselves and their offsprings; yet mankind refuses to listen to reason, and compare their condition with those that have succumbed to the effects of those obnoxious habits.

Physically, man is a machine to be run for all he is worth, and then cast aside when the physical is worn out and helpless; if he is fortunate in his supply of worldly goods, he can help his misery by fretting and scolding, and thus make others around him unhappy. Yet not one in a hundred are in that financial condition, having spent all they ought to have saved, in bringing on their physical ailments, to their present discomforts in life. Money all gone, smoked or all drank up, and now a physical wreck, they still have ambition, but that is of the spirit; yet the machine can't work, its capacity is destroyed. Ignorance has predominated and the body is destroyed by violation of the laws of health, hence they must turn to the spiritual, as that is all they can do when the physical refuses further to act. How great the laws of creation, that never mind which way we turn, we meet a law befitting our condition, hence the soul's ambition to unfold is ever uppermost, and when the physical can do no more, it turns to the spiritual and assumes control over the lower conditions of life. Thus, the spirit nature in humanity becomes apparent; when in health and full of vigor we lean on the material senses, and what they produce in the world of society; we accept and fasten on to ourselves habits that sink the physical structure to a condition that compels us to acknowledge the superior power of spirit, and thus learn that we are all spirits, acting under the laws of our environments. When will humanity learn to know themselves, and raise their spiritual standard to a sense of knowledge and power? Through the wisdom of nature's laws of health, the book is open; who will study, and thus cast aside Mother Grundy's law of habit, detrimental to physical laws of health and success.

Ambition is ever a prevailing factor in life. The spirit of man is restless, always reaching forward, hoping to gain a higher altitude in life's problems. Why not strive to lift the body in health, by doing those things that produce health, instead of undermining the structure with fashion's habits? Does the father expect to unfold his son in perfect manhood, when he himself indulges in society's habits, or the mother raise a healthy daughter to bless humanity, when she is following society's laws of ill-health? Yet these facts are daily practices in maternity life, and then society wonders why the statistics show so

many deaths among the young, and they are continually doing all they can to produce unhealthy offspring, and hence disease and unhappiness. While mother and father think more of their bodily comfort, made apparent by society's laws, than of nature's laws of compensation, we will have no change in material life for the better. Justice for all rules the laws of life, and when we study the law of application to our present condition in life and health, and comply with its requirements, we will learn wisdom, and learn to co-operate with God's wisdom written in the open book of nature.

Throwing skepticism and superstition out of our road of progress, yielding to the divine and holy law that permits us to advance to the heights of our ambitious spirit, then and only then can we receive wisdom and perfect knowledge of human life.

'Twere well to study in this sphere
Life's comforts, as we pass each year;
And as we daily life pursue
Seek wisdom, from each act we do.
Then will our course thro' life proclaim
A triumph gained, in health and name,
And as their lessons we behold,
In virtue, wealth, surpassing gold.

The Farmer's Cute Trick.

Th' cutest trick I ever seed played up on a thief was one John Wiley, a neighbor of mine, got up. Ye see John had been missin' corn for some time. Every night somebody wuz payin' the crib a visit. John thought over it a long time, didn't know hardly what t' do about it, fur, ye see, he thought he knew the poor devil that wuz doin' the work and didn't like to expose him, specially as they lived right 'joing most. At last he thought of a way to stop the thievin' without settin' traps or anything of that sort.

He tuk an' he whittled out a hull lot uv little pegs 'bout one inch thick and two inches long. Then he druv these pegs into two or three dozen ears of corn, hammerin' a peg into th' butt end uv each ear. These ears he sprinkled aroun' over his pile uv corn near the crib door.

Well, th' nex' day wuz a Sunday, an' John found that corn had been stolen as usual. So he put on his 'go-to-meetin's' an' walked over to his neighbor's little place. They talked and smoked, you know, and John kept kinder saunterin' along until they were at the feller's stable. There Wiley saw a pile uv fresh cobs which had just been thrown out. Still talkin' unconcerned-like, John picked up a cob an' commenced whittlin' on it. Purty soon a peg dropped to the groun'.

"Hello!" says John. "Funny kind of corn this. Got a wooden peg in th' end uv it." Then lookin' up: "Why, Tom, what's the matter? You look pale."

The feller didn't answer. He knew he was caught an' he stood there tremblin' an' waitin' fur Wiley to accuse him uv stealin' th' corn. But that wuzn't John's way. He jest went on talkin' and whittled several more pegs outen th' cobs; then he bid his neighbor good day an' went home.

Well, sir, Wiley never mentioned th' matter agin, but he kept on neighborin' with the feller same as ever. But you bet he didn't lose enny more corn. 'Bout a year after that the man come to John an' told him with tears in his eyes that the peg business wuz the kindest trick he'd ever had done him; that th' corn he tuk from John wuz th' first stealin' he'd ever done, and the last. "Like enough," he said to John, "ef you'd exposed me I'd uv been a thief the rest of my days, but your sayin' nothin' 'bout it, an' your treatin' me so nice afterward, made me ashamed uv myself, an' I've been tryin' to be a better man since. I'll starve before I'll steal agin."

Superstitions of Statesmen.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

Nothing can induce Senator Voorhees to ride in a street car drawn by a white horse. Senator Call will bury or burn a pair of socks one or both of which he has put on wrong side out.

When Senator Harris, of Tennessee, is in doubt as to a course of action he decides it by spitting at a mark.

Senator Joe Blackburn not only takes the white horse, but also one having a white spot on it or one white foot.

Senator Sherman will not extend his left hand in greeting or receive one extended to him—a familiar habit with politicians.

Representative Kennedy, of Ohio, wears a voodoo charm which he obtained from an old negress in the swamps of Louisiana.

If Senator Vest, of Missouri, meets a beggar in the street before he has spent any money he invariably gives to the mendicant.

Senator Edmunds regards it as unlucky if the first person he meets on emerging from his house is a woman, and will return for a fresh start.

Representative Allen, of Mississippi, the funny man of the house, is never without the traditional rabbit's foot which he killed in the dark of the moon in a grave yard.

If the first person Representative Breckinridge meets in the morning is a colored man or woman he crosses to the other side of the street. He claims that if he continues on the same side he will be hoodooed for the entire day.

It is an excellent rule to be observed in all disputes that men should give soft words and hard arguments; that they should not so much strive to vex as to convince an opponent.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

True Riches.

BY GUY A. DELANEY.

Who has not often heard the expression that "curses, like chickens, come home to roost," and who has not felt a caution in the thought conveyed? But, my friends, if curses come home to stay, so also do blessings, and each little act of kindness gives to us as much as to the recipient, in relative proportion with curses and anathemas. Then who, realizing this, would withhold kindness, in word or deed, when he is to be benefited equally with his neighbor?

In the light of mental science this is easily understood. A man's acts are his educators. The fruit of his acts are his poverty or his riches here, but the education gained by them is his only true riches, laid up where moth and rust cannot corrupt or thieves break through and steal. Why should one feel elated over the adulation of the public to-day, knowing that to-morrow he may be most heartily condemned by this same fluctuating and generous public—generous in its condemnation as well as in its praise. The education of the inner man or positive soul-life, is the only riches we can possess with any certainty of holding. That is true riches indeed. Every act, every motion, every thought, every feeling, serves a divine purpose; these are all manifestations of God, and the higher the attainment the better the manifestation. It should be our object to manifest to the best of our ability and knowledge the divine mind, of which we are so far as we know, His highest manifestation.

If we were sent abroad to represent this glorious country, it would be our chief desire and we would make the greatest effort to do her honor and to represent her to other nations to the best of our intellectual ability, why should we not strive, so far as our limited environments will admit, to represent or do credit to our Maker, since we are a part of Him, and one with him, a magnet complete in ourselves with positive and negative poles, the same as He who is the great magnet, the whole, the all of the great life source, complete in all its parts. If you were sent out as agent for some manufacturing firm, you would work most industriously for that firm, early and late, never tiring of praising or representing the industry in its best light and to its highest advantage, because there would be something to be gained pecuniarily by so doing. How much more need have we to strive diligently for the credit that belongs to the great Truth, the all-powerful, when we consider that in representing Him to the best advantage and highest that we can conceive, we are laying up imperishable riches in a bank that pays compound interest and dividends daily, as well as in the by and bye of the great eternity of life. Every act, good or bad, is an experience that educates the soul, the mind, here, now and in the future. Love is invisible, thought is invisible, so is the power that shapes every act of our lives invisible to the growing animal, man; but we recognize God or good in all thought, all love, all power manifested, and every individual's aspiration points to this good, for all have aspirations, no matter how low they may seem to be; and these aspirations are the product of the divine within that is seeking constant expression.

Their acts which show to the world a negative or undeveloped condition lower than we ourselves need to express, are but the uneducated acts which must be experienced and lived by them in order to teach them the higher or riper condition. All are on the road to true happiness and will reach it in time, for all aspire to the good, though some must take a longer road to reach it, owing to pre-natal and present unripe conditions through which they are forced to grope their way. As the soul advances it is constantly giving birth to new thoughts. It recognizes God's love in what once seemed His hatred. There comes a time when man's highest and most advanced thoughts must be given to the world. The one who utters them most seemingly, be a sufferer for so doing, but the good done to the people, and the spiritual advancement obtained more than compensates for the sacrifice, for purer thoughts and holier feelings shall be the reward and those are true riches.

ONSET, MASS., April 19, 1889.

A PUZZLED Presbyterian writes to the Interior, the bright Chicago oracle of that denomination, and says: "I herewith submit a question which is weighing heavily on the minds of some honest souls in our Presbyterian church; namely, Is it honest and loyal to remain in full membership with the church when you can not in good conscience believe any longer the terrible confusing doctrines of the confession of faith, as commonly understood, or is it a duty to withdraw from such communion?" The answer of the Interior is: "The Church does not ask its members to believe the confession of faith; it asks them to believe in Christ. If you can not swallow the confession of faith, just lay it aside on your bone-dish, and go on with your dinner—that is, if you have any spiritual dinner in your church. If you have not, then you had better get another cook. Don't gnaw the bones, anyway, nor try to swallow the nutshells—those doctrines which appear to you to be such."

Opinion is a medium between knowledge and ignorance.

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(Written for the Golden Gate.)
Our Temples.

It is known that the human form of every man after death is the more beautiful as he had more (usually) lived divine truths and lived according to them.—H. W. H. H.

Aye, we with the sculptor's chisel,
May bring from the marble of life
Models of wood/iron beauty
Free from all stain of sin;
Free from the touch of earth's ashes,
Bright with the sun of love,
Thus may we build up our temple
For the blood to run up above.

How shall we fashion this dwelling,
Shall it be builded with creeds?
Shall its foundation be teachings
Without the performance of deeds?
Will all the glare and the glitter
Purchased with fame and with gold,
Be wrought in so wondrous a manner
The angels will smile to behold?

Never for words are we inhibition,
Creeds are as worthless as dreams,
Which with the life of each person,
Will count him no profit, but loss,
Save as he makes his progress
Always go hand in hand,
Along with his every day practice,
As he journeys on through the land.

To him that is an hungered, give bread
To bring back the forces of life;
Don't tell him the Lord will provide it,
Perchance he's a child or a wife
Who need his protection still longer;
And poor as ye think it may be
To them it may fill up the measure
That your loved ones fill up to thee.

Let Charity's mantle of sweetness
And Mercy's pure garments be soft,
First cover the sins of thy brother,
Then teach him to look up aloft,
Up to the house of bright angels,
Love lighted by God's evermore;
If need be, give him your hand
To lead him in sight of the door.

And then when this form of the flesh
Shall be given for one of the soul,
When the red wine of life is all wasted
And broke is the golden bowl,
Then formed to the joy of the Father
You'll find the bright angel band,
And dwell in the pastures so green,
At peace, in that far better land. —ALICE

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

The Summer Land.

BY JAMES H. YOUNG.

AIR:—"We're Going Home."

The Summer Land is fair and bright,
Where Love doth dwell there is no night,
For in Love among the blest
The soul will find both peace and rest.

CHORUS:—We're going home, we're going home,
Our homes are in the Summer Land,
Bright Summer Land, we there shall roam;
We're going home to Summer Land.

The Summer Land hath homes so fair,
And we shall dwell together there
With kindred friends, those gone before,
Again we'll meet to part no more.

Our homes we'll find 'neath stately trees,
On flow'ry mounds, in fragrant breeze;
Near splendid lawns, by river's side,
As each doth need He'll homes provide.

By sil'ry lakes whence streamlets flow,
With those we love we oft will go;
In fragrant bowers with them we'll roam,—
Enjoy the beauties of our home.

There Truth and Good forever reign,
The soul is freed from ev'ry strain,
No sorrow, sin, nor earthly care
Can e'er again the soul ensnare.

There souls will meet each other, love,
In homes prepared in realms above,
Our Father's love these homes doth give,
To all who by his precepts live.

When in these mansions we are found,
Our dear, loved friends will us surround;
With them we'll join in praise and song,
To God alone doth praise belong.

OSKAT, MASS.

Farmer John's Soliloquy.

I must as well acknowledge, 'tain't no use o' beatin' round,
I've done a heap o' thinkin', plowin' up this faller ground,
An' 'tubbin' the beeh an' achin' me like sin—
I reckoned 'twas dyspepsy or malar'y creepin' in.

At least I got my dander up, an' to myself sez I,
The biggest fool in natur's him that tells hisself a lie;
I've been lettin' on 'tis malar'y, an' my stummick, when I
know

It's my conscience that's a hurtin' an' worryin' me so,

I've been a shirkin' this here thing for thirty years or more,
I've orto had this shakin' up an' settlin' down afore,
I've been honest fur as payin' goes, not a penny do I owe,
But the kind o' cheatin' that I done was the kind that didn't show.

My mind goes back to Hanner, when I fetched her here a
bride—

No apple bloom was sweeter, an' she nussed to my side
Like she thought she had a right to, an' could trust me
without fear,
For the love I never hinted at for more'n thirty year.

There was churin', bakin', bilin', there was nussin' an' the
rest,
From long afore the sun rise 'till he slumbered in the West,
An' when the rest of us was done, an' lollin' round on
cheers,
Hanner was recuperatin' with her needle an' her shears.

But when the life was ebbin' from that faithful, patient
heart,
I had to face the music—I had 'nt done my part;
An' I couldn't help a-thinkin', watchin' out that weary life,
That there's other ways o' killin' except a pistol or a knife.

It sounds like sacrilegion, but I knew just what she meant,
As I whispered, "Fly to meet me when my airily life is
spent."

"I'm tired, John, so tired, but I've allus done my best,
An' I may feel more like flyin' when I've had a spell o'
rest."

—AMY HAMILTON.

Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those hearts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests and pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
—GOLDENWIT.

Onesimus Toole; or, from Shadow to
Sunshine.

Continued from First Page.

in your search for truth, and you will each
one of you discover all it is needful for
you to know.

Races of *Mahatmas* may have spent
ages in ferreting out the truths of the uni-
verse, but their existence is not positively
known to Buddhists. Truth is revealed
only to those who are in a condition to ap-
preciate it. There is probably no reluctance
on the part of any genuine *Mahatma* to
reveal themselves, but no one can
create eyes in us to see truth even if it
visits us.

When Edwin Arnold revisited India, he
held conferences with the Buddhists of
Ceylon, and received from them a very
complimentary address, eulogizing him as
a true interpreter of the Sanscrit philoso-
phy. His work, "The Light of Asia,"
they endorsed with much affection. Con-
versing with them of the *Mahatmas*, he
was told that the priests knew nothing of
the existence of such people. They could
not be found, though they were so
famous in Europe and America. At the
same time these Buddhists affirmed that
there were many teachings in the Sanscrit
which, if followed out, would develop men
into the state of *Mahatmas*.

The Buddhists themselves think Arn-
old's faithful and magnificent portrayal of
the career of Buddha has done more than
anything else to recall the attention of the
Hindu people to a perception of the beauties
enshrined in the Buddhist religion, and
it affords a powerful incentive to them
to live up to these teachings.

We hear a great deal of Indian degra-
dation, and particularly much of woman's
degraded condition there. Now it can
not be disputed that many women in
India are in a state of gross degradation,
but this condition exists in spite of the
teachings of the Sanscrit philosophy
(which leads logically to the purest eleva-
tion of mankind) not in consequence of
their religion. All the vices of Christen-
dom are rebuked in Scripture, and yet
tolerated in Christian communities. No
charge can be brought against the Budd-
hist religion for the vices of Asia that can
not be brought against every other religion
on earth.

As the religion of India is set forth in
its sacred books, it is a religion of the
greatest purity and noblest wisdom. No
one who compares the ten great religions
of the world, the one with the others, will
fail to find Buddhism the most humani-
tarian, and Brahmanism the most meta-
physical of all the systems. Buddha
taught that nothing and no one can come
between us and God.

We are, according to his philosophy,
our own high priests, mediators, and in-
tercessors, absolutely free to discover truth
for ourselves by following in the path
marked out by our own intuition which
gives: "Thus saith the indwelling Spirit"
as final authority. Too many people un-
fortunately are not contented without
some external lord or master to obey;
they require some one to do their think-
ing for them instead of appealing directly
to the Lord within their own hearts, so as
to receive Truth from the source of all
Truth. It is only to awaken spiritual
thought and intellectual enquiry that we
study Theosophy, not to induce allegiance
to some hierarchy of India, for to the
Christian world 'follow Jesus,' is as neces-
sary as 'follow Buddha' can be to Ori-
entals. I shall hope to make myself further
intelligible in another and ampler essay.

After the essay, the hour being late and
other speakers being invited to address
the company, there was little time for dis-
cussion. Mr. Toole was deeply interested
as he always was in such matters, but Mr.
Hammer's paper raised far more questions
in his mind than it answered; he therefore
lapsed into taciturnity on his way home,
and scarcely slept for revolving these great
questions in his eagerly inquiring mind.
Next morning the letter from his mother
arrived while they were at breakfast, word
for word as Zenophon had foreseen it.
Count Katalowynski had instituted legal
proceedings based on his claim that Dr.
Maxwell had abducted Zenophon, and the
general atmosphere at 312 Sycamore
avenue was highly electric, though its
chief inmates were quite unharassed.

(To be continued.)

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS IN THE SPIRIT
WORLD.—Dr. Thompson, a state senator
of Indiana, tells a remarkable story of Spiritu-
alism. He had been consulted by Mrs.
Oliver P. Morton on matters of which no
one knew save a son. The senator was the
family physician of ex-Senator Morton and
he also served in a similar capacity for Vice-
president Hendricks. Still thinking about
a matter over which Mrs. Morton had con-
sulted him, Dr. Thompson called to see a
patient, and while seated by her bedside
he was asked by a strange lady if he would
not like to see some slate writing. Out of
curiosity he consented, and a slate was
held beneath a table. He distinctly heard
a pencil scratching. To his intense as-
tonishment, when brought to light, these
words were legibly written: "I give my
heartiest consent to the matters concerning
which my wife consulted you (signature).
Oliver P. Morton." This made the doctor
anxious for further information and the
medium said: "There is some one else
here wanting to talk with you." In answer
to questions the doctor was informed that
there is no politics in the other world,
and when he asked, "Who is it?" he re-
ceived the written answer, "Thomas A.

Hendricks." Dr. Thompson then asked:
"How are you and Mr. Morton getting
along?" to which the answer was returned:
"Splendidly; everything is harmony here."
—Press, Cleveland, Ohio.

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

QUESTION.—If a child should ask you, "What
is God," how would you answer the question? I
am told you did answer this query at the open
Theosophical meeting, two weeks since, but I
could only get the outline of your reply from one
who was present. I have children. Would gladly
give them a very different idea of God from the
one which made my own childhood one long
nightmare. There must be something of God to
love, as well as to fear. Yours truly, S. F.

It would seem as though when a child
comes to the time where he naturally asks,
"Where, who, or what is God," there
must be within the self of the child, that
which will respond to the query if he is
carefully led to look into his own soul,
where all must look to become conscious
of God, while the "Where, who, or
what is God," will be the search of ages
for every individual soul. First I should
try to make the child realize that what he
hears spoken of as God is impersonal,
principle not a person; that which is love
itself, goodness itself, truth itself. I
would call to mind the fact of the love
which the child feels for his mother.
Show him that he cannot see this love,
cannot handle it, it has no form, or color,
or sound, still he feels it; to him it is a
fact that no one can deny away. Then
tell him that God is love.

Try also to make the little child under-
stand how love and justice are one; that
if he were naughty and you were to let
him go on in the wrong, that after a time
the wrong-doing would bring some trouble
that would perhaps be hard to bear, so
that true love would naturally induce the
mother to try and lead him out of the
wrong into the right, because wrong doing
is self-destruction, and the eternal law of
love is that of stern justice.

Make the child understand that he is
included in God; that when he is good he
is becoming God-like, and that his
thoughts, as well as his deeds, and words,
must be in tune with the good. Don't
forget to make plain to the little God-
seeker that the form, the color, the fra-
grance of the flowers, are all manifesta-
tions of the same invisible power which
man names God. That the world with
its many forms of use and beauty, the
starry heavens with its suns and systems,
the azure depths of immensity filled with
life, are all included in God. In fact,
that there is but one life, and that life is
uncreated, indestructible, expressing God
in its harmony, and error and ignorance
in inharmony. It will be the work of ages
to know God as the *One*, the *All*, and in
all, but when the child comes to know
that the good, the true and the beautiful,
embody and express God, he will cease to
fear and learn to lose the principle which
means all to him that is lovely. It may
not be the easy matter you think, to call
up in the mind of the child this abstract
idea, but when the work is once done he
will not have to unlearn it, as he must,
if you give him the distorted image,
(which he intensifies), of a man-god sit-
ting on a throne watching if little children
are naughty, or listening to hear if they
tell lies. If you can make him feel that
to tell a lie, and be naughty is to drive the
truth and the goodness out of himself,
while to be truthful and good is to make
sweet music in his own heart, he will feel
your words. They will be seed sown in
fruitful soil.

If the child asks, "Where is God?"
tell him there is no time, space, or place
where God is not. If he asks, "Who is
God?" tell him He is the *I Am* in every
living soul. If he asks, "What is God?"
tell him He is the good, the true, and the
beautiful, expressing through all things,
man included.

To R. C. of Oakland.—Your letter is
too long to publish, but really I can not
see how you make out what you say to be
a fact, when you declare [that to affirm re-
incarnation is to deny Spiritualism.

Allan Kardec spent years in the inves-
tigation of the phenomena and philosophy
of Spiritualism, and declared re-incarna-
tion to be a fact beyond the shadow of a
doubt.

Corra L. V. Richmond, one of the best
trance speakers in the field to-day, teaches
this doctrine. One, at least, of the finest
inspirational speakers in the spiritualistic
ranks declares for re-incarnation, and
there are thousands in rank and file that
feel it to be true.

That there are good speakers, both
trance and inspirational, who deny the
doctrine, does not do away with the fact
that many people can recall their past
life, and when you declare that it is only
their imagination, you take upon yourself
more than you can prove.

I fail to see how the fact that your hus-
band's soul will send out an impulse which
will make possible another earth form
through which it may express itself some-
time one or two thousand years hence,
need interfere in the least with your belief
that he communicates with you now.
That "he does not know of the fact of
repeated embodiments" is not strange. If
you were to go out of this life with your
present feeling, doubtless it would be long
years of our time before you would know
the fact.

When one sets his whole mind against a
truth he shuts the truth out, but then the
truth can wait and lose nothing. I imagine
that people to whom this grand revealing
of the past has come care very little whether
they are considered cranks or not. They
can afford to bide their time, and taking

the world over, perhaps they are not so
much in the "minority" as you think.
It has become so much the fashion to
speak of people that are ahead of the fash-
ion in any direction as cranks that one
need not feel alone when he is told that he
is "cranky." He is sure of plenty of
company.

But seriously, my friend, while I would
not think of urging the belief of re-incar-
nation upon you, can't you see that to live
this life as though you did believe it, as
well as its relation to Karma, need not
necessarily interfere with your spiritual
philosophy? SARAH A. HARRIS.
BERKELEY, Cal.

If the ministers of the church have
often permitted the people to revolt for
the interest of heaven, they have never
permitted them to revolt for their own de-
liverance from real evils and known op-
pressions.—D'Heibach.

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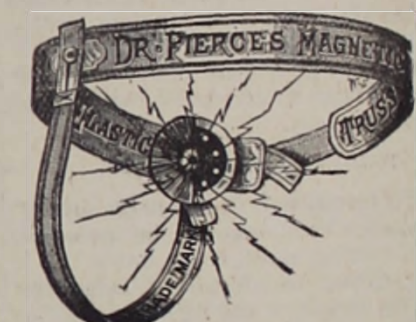
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